

THE  
OLD PLANTATION  
MELODIES









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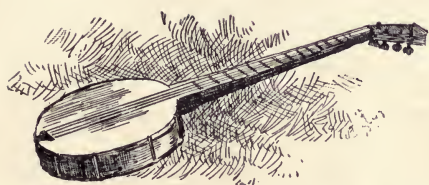
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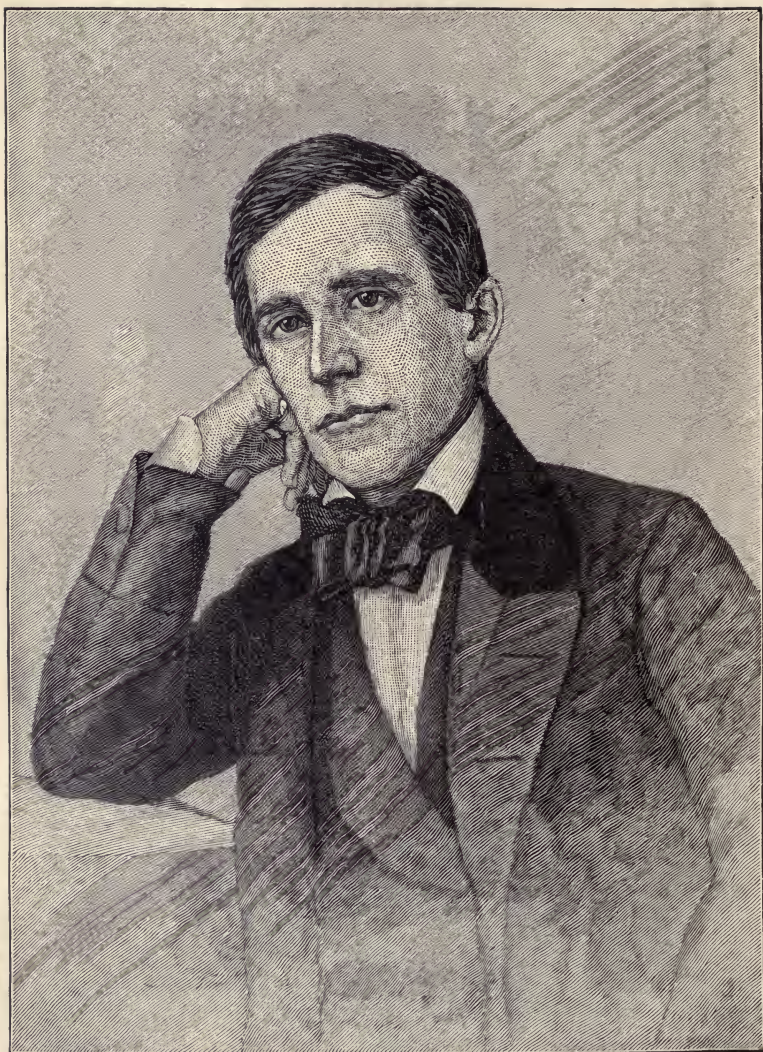
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## OLD PLANTATION MELODIES









*Wm. C. Foster.*



# THE OLD PLANTATION MELODIES

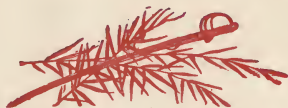
WRITTEN and COMPOSED

BY

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER  
WALTER KITTREDGE  
and others

ILLUSTRATED BY

CHARLES COPELAND and  
MARY HALLOCK FOOTE



H. M. CALDWELL CO.  
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## LOAN STACK

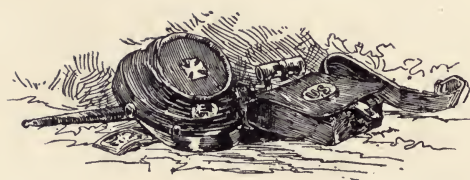
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# MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME, GOOD NIGHT!

The sun shines bright in the old Kentuck-y home, 'Tis summer, the dark-eyes are  
 gay, The corn-top's ripe and the mead-ow's in the bloom, While the  
 birds make mu-sic all the day The young folks roll on the lit-tle cab-in floor, All  
 mer-ry all hap-py and bright. By'n-by Hard Times comes a-  
 knocking at the door, Then my old Kentuck-y Home, good-night!

CHORUS.  
 1st & 2d SOPRANOS.  
 Weep no more, my la-dy, Oh! weep no more to-day! We will  
 TENOR & BASS  
 sing one song for the old Kentuck-y Home, For the old Kentuck-y Home far-a-way.

## MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME, GOOD-NIGHT!

---

THE sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home;  
'Tis summer, the darkeys are gay;  
The corn-top's ripe, and the meadow's in the bloom,  
While the birds make music all the day.  
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,  
All merry, all happy and bright;  
By-'n'-by Hard Times comes a-knocking at the door,—  
Then my old Kentucky Home, good-night!

### CHORUS.

Weep no more, my lady;  
Oh, weep no more to-day!  
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky Home,  
For the old Kentucky Home far away.

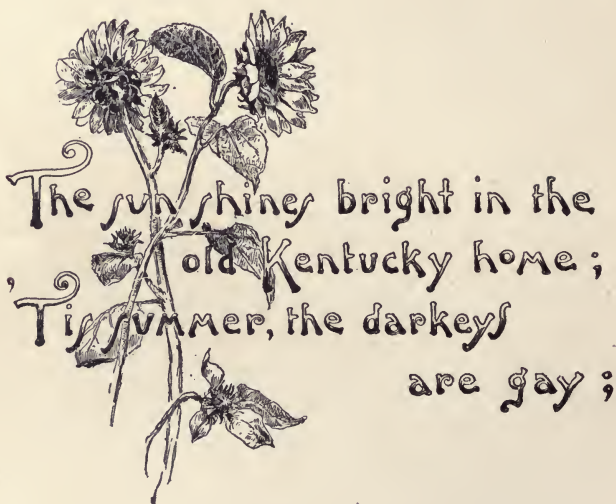
They hunt no more for the possum and the coon  
On the meadow, the hill, and the shore;  
They sing no more, by the glimmer of the moon,  
On the bench by the old cabin door.  
The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,  
With sorrow where all was delight;  
The time has come when the darkeys have to part,—  
Then my old Kentucky Home, good-night!

### CHORUS.

The head must bow, and the back will have to bend,  
Wherever the darkey may go;  
A few more days, and the trouble all will end  
In the field where the sugar-canes grow;  
A few more days for to tote the weary load,—  
No matter, 't will never be light;  
A few more days till we totter on the road,—  
Then my old Kentucky Home, good-night!

### CHORUS.

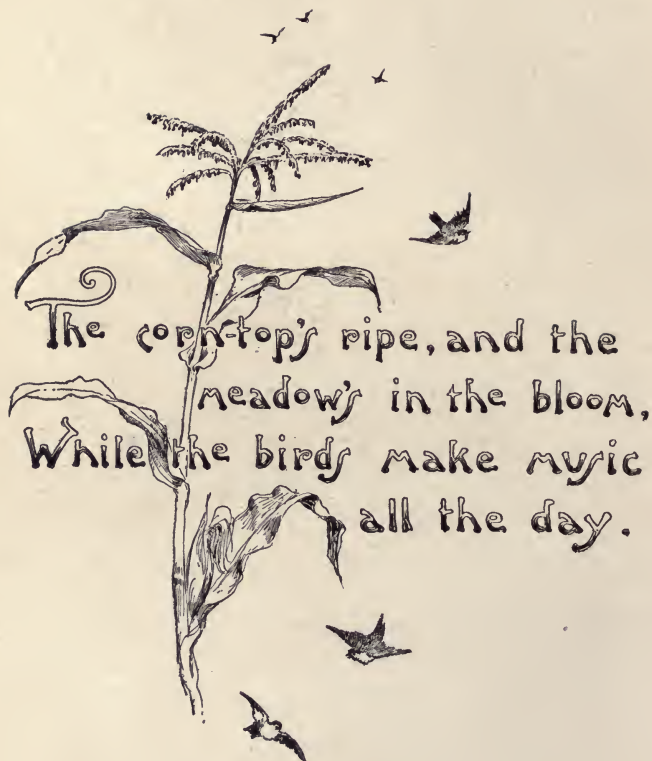




The sun shines bright in the  
old Kentucky home ;  
Tis summer, the darkeys  
are gay ;



(Copeland '97)



The corn-top's ripe, and the  
meadow's in the bloom,  
While the birds make music  
all the day.





Opelana 87

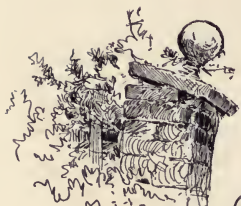


The young folks roll on the  
little cabin floor,  
All merry, all happy  
and bright;

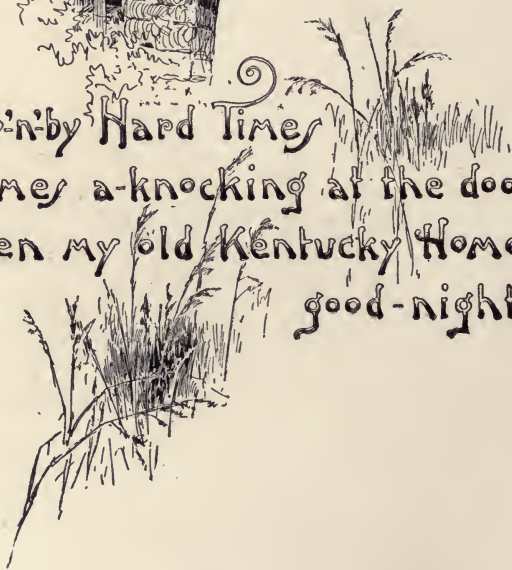








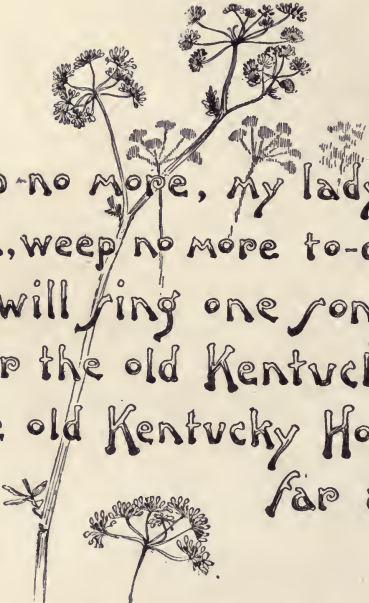
By'n-by Hard Times  
comes a-knocking at the door,-  
Then my old Kentucky Home,  
good-night!





WILLIAM BRYANT

1841

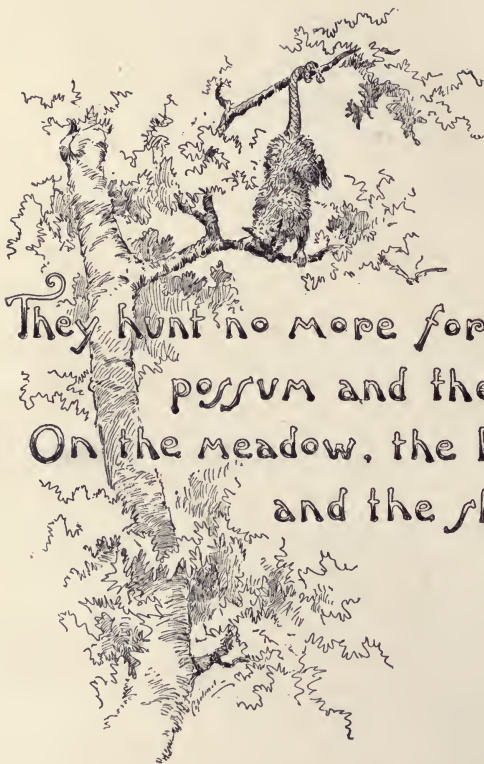


Weep no more, my lady;  
Oh, weep no more to-day!  
We will sing one song  
for the old Kentucky Home,  
For the old Kentucky Home  
far away

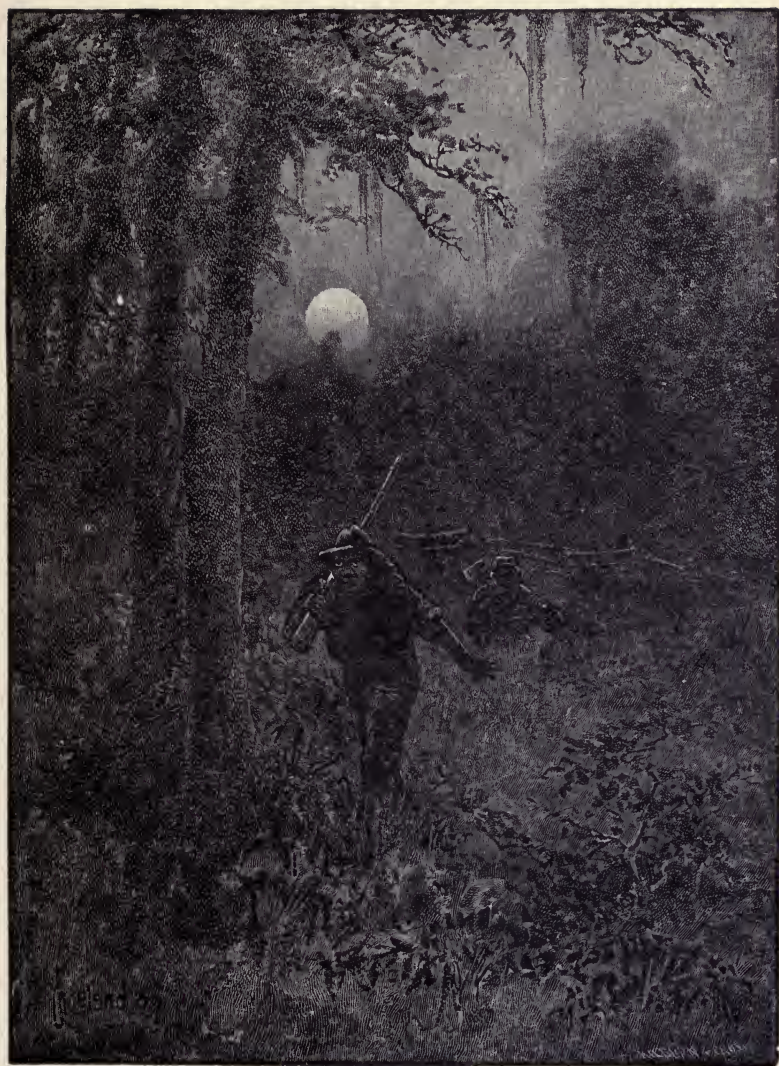


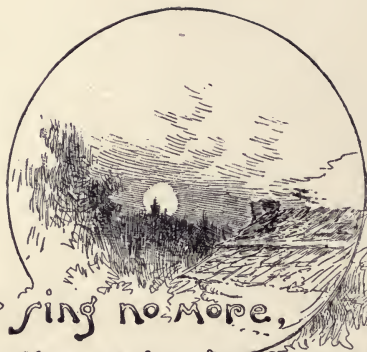






They hunt no more for the  
possum and the coon  
On the meadow, the hill,  
and the shore ;





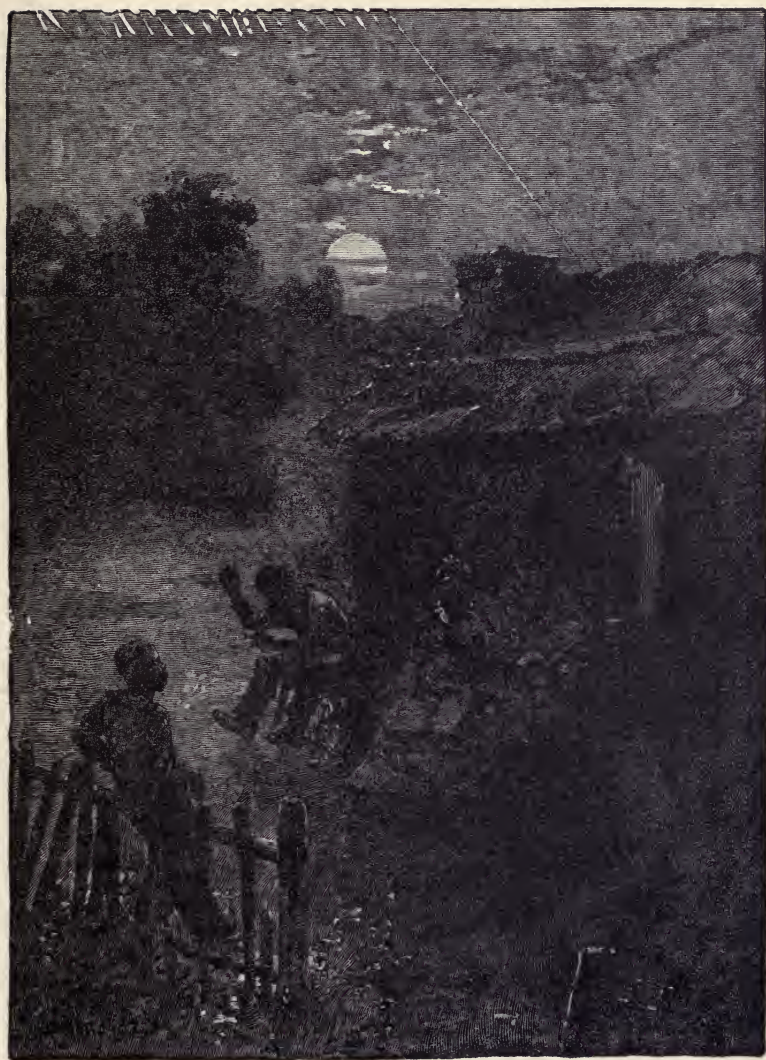
They sing no more,

by the glimmer of the moon,  
On the bench by the

old cabin door.













The day goes by  
like a shadow o'er the heart,  
With sorrow  
where all was delight;







The time has come  
when the darkeys have to part.-  
Then my old Kentucky Home,  
Good-night!



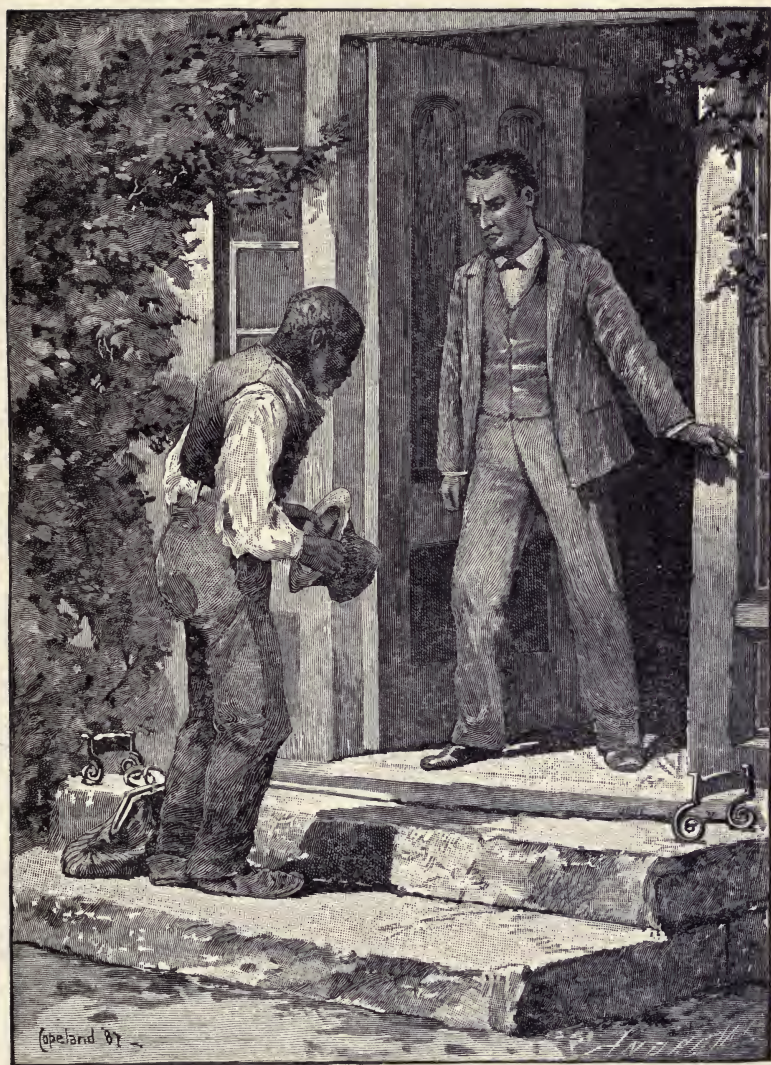


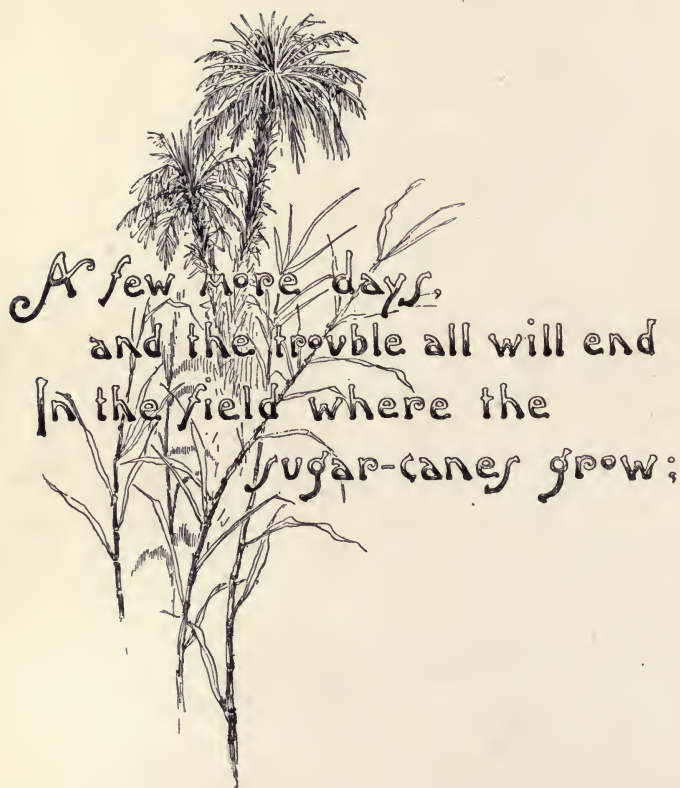






The head must bow, and the back  
will have to bend,  
Wherever the darkey  
may go;



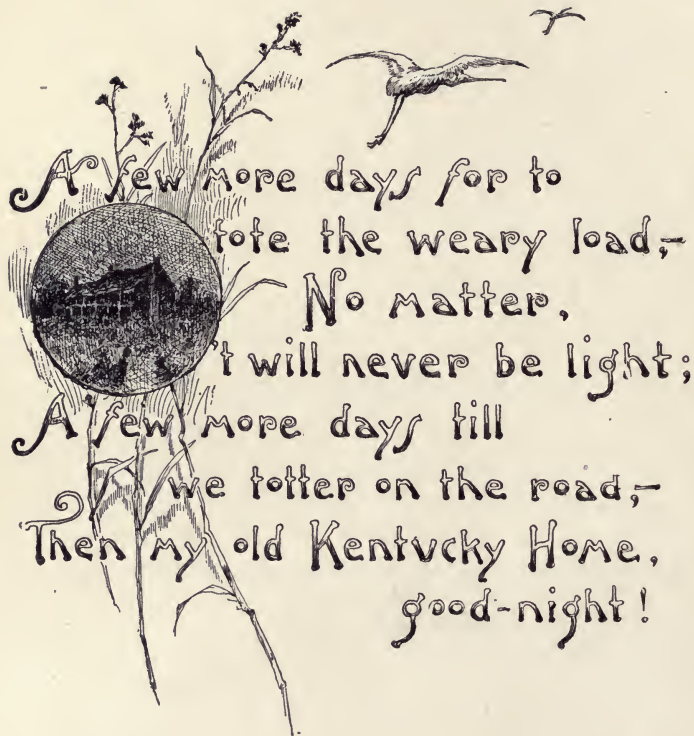


A few more days,  
and the trouble all will end  
In the field where the  
sugar-canes grow;









A few more days for to  
tote the weary load,-  
No matter,  
't will never be light;  
A few more days till  
we totter on the road,-  
Then my old Kentucky Home,  
good-night!



Ireland 81





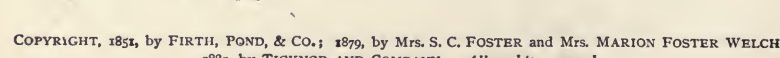
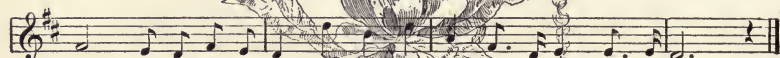
CHRISTINE NILSSON

AS SHE APPEARED WHEN SINGING "THE SWANEE RIVER."





OLD FOLKS AT HOME.



## OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

---

WAY down upon de Swanee ribber,  
Far, far away,  
Dere's wha my heart is turning ebber,  
Dere's wha de old folks stay.  
All up and down de whole creation  
Sadly I roam,  
Still longing for de old plantation,  
And for de old folks at home.

### CHORUS.

All de world am sad and dreary,  
Ebrywhere I roam;  
Oh, darkeys, how my heart grows weary  
Far from de old folks at home!

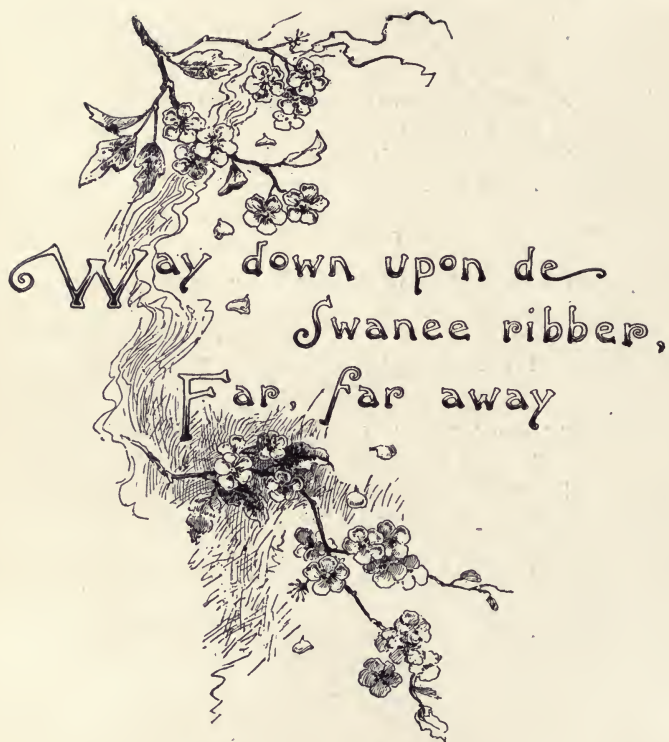
All round de little farm I wander'd  
When I was young;  
Den many happy days I squander'd,  
Many de songs I sung.  
When I was playing wid my brudder,  
Happy was I;  
Oh, take me to my kind old mudder!  
Dere let me live and die.

### CHORUS

One little hut among de bushes,  
One dat I love,  
Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes,  
No matter where I rove.  
When will I see de bees a-humming  
All round de comb?  
When will I hear de banjo tumming,  
Down in my good old home?

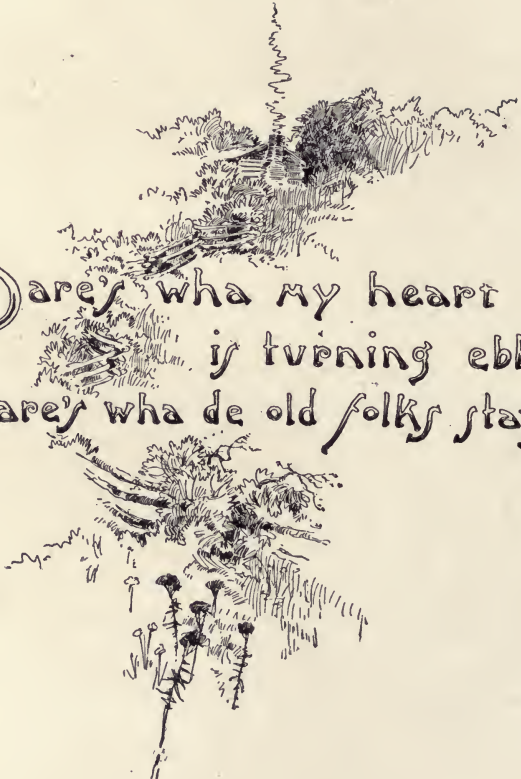
### CHORUS.





Way down upon de  
Swanee ribber,  
Far, far away





Dare's wha my heart  
is turning ebber,  
Dare's wha de old folks stay.







All up and down  
the whole creation  
Sadly I roam.



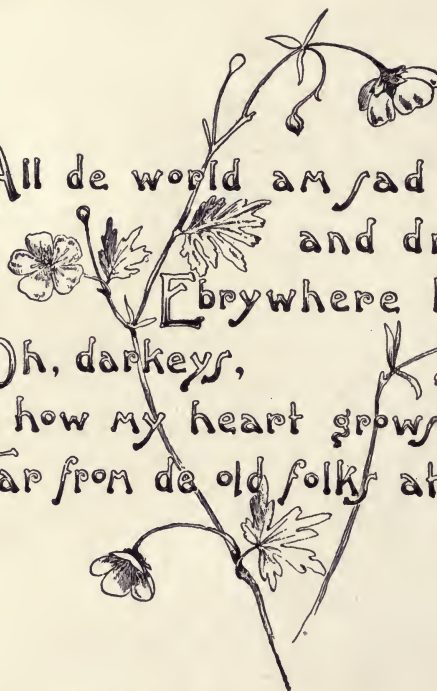






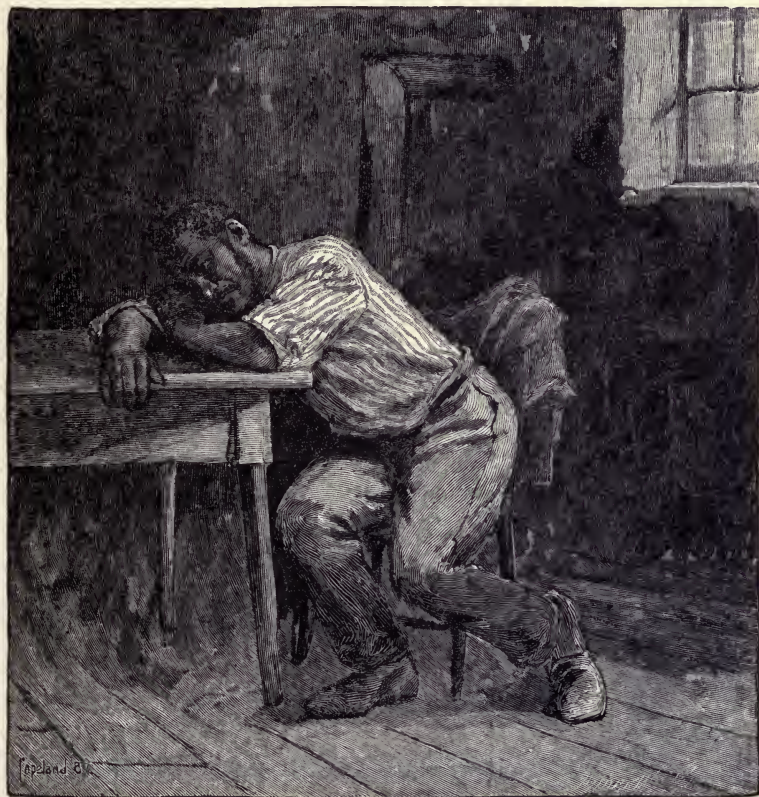
Still longing for de old  
plantation.  
And for de old folky at home.





All de world am sad  
and dreary,  
Ebrywhere I roam;  
Oh, darkeys,  
how my heart grows weary,  
Far from de old folky at home!







All round the little farm  
I wander'd  
When I was young;











When I was playing  
wid my brudder,  
Happy was I ;







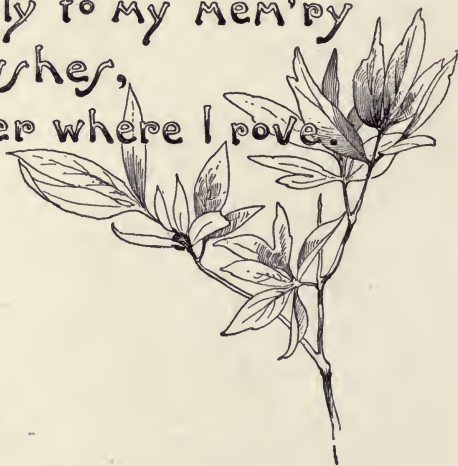
Oh, take me to my  
kind old mudder!  
Dere let me live and die.

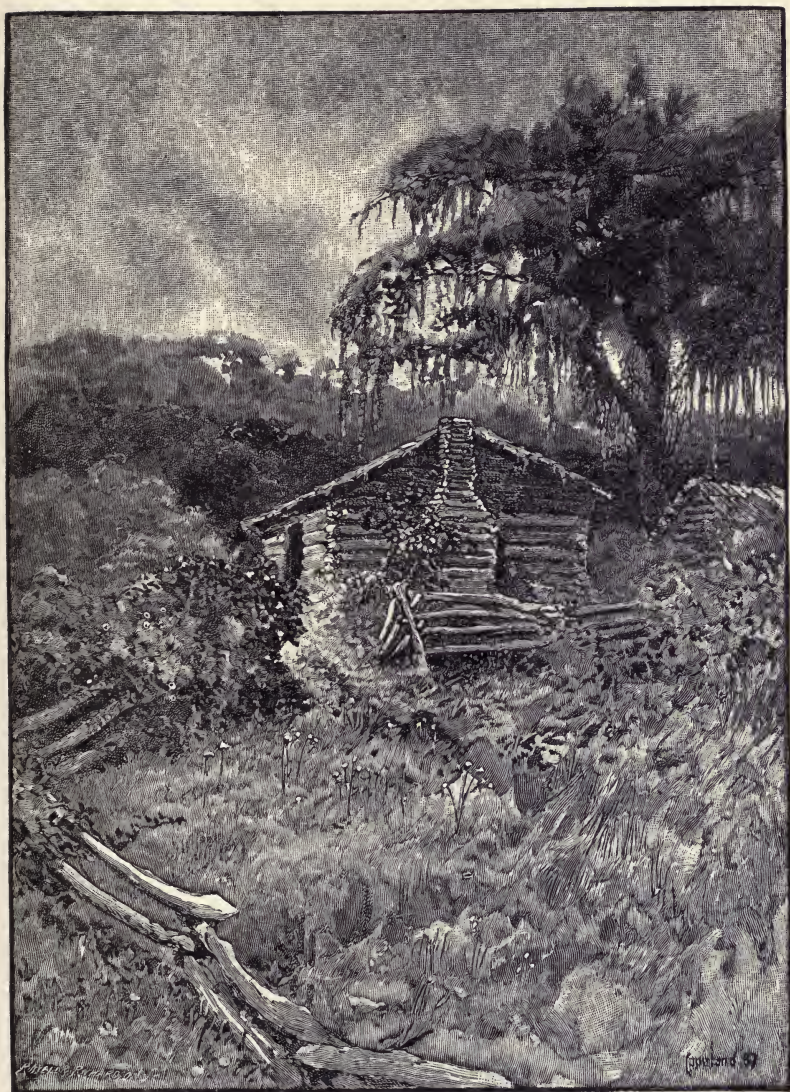











One little hut  
among de byshes,  
One dat I love,  
Still sadly to my mem'ry  
ryshes,  
No matter where I rove.







When will I see de bees  
a-humming  
All round de comb?







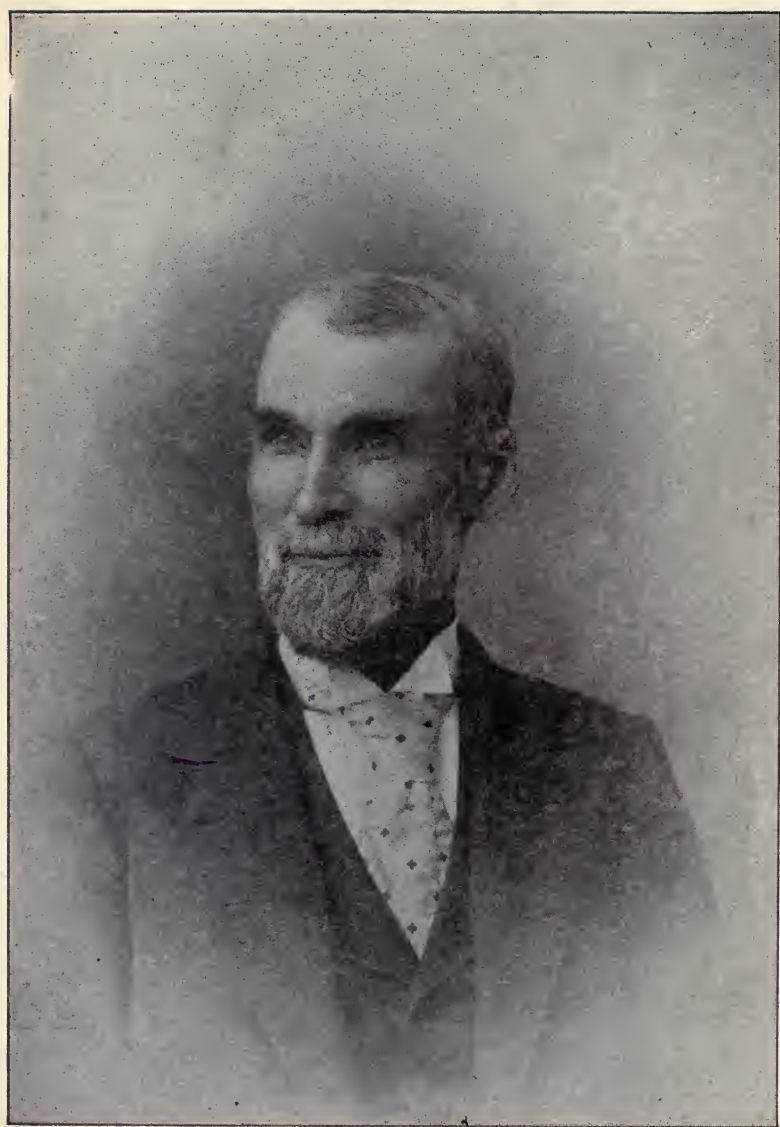


When will I hear  
de banjo tumming,  
Down in my good old home!





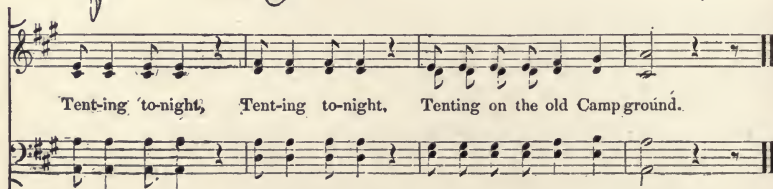
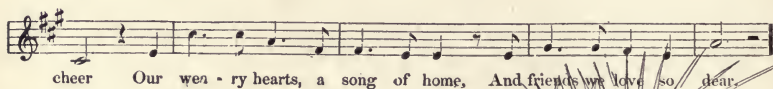
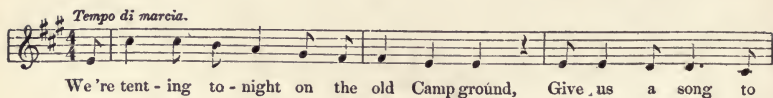




“BENTING  
ON THE  
OLD CAMP GROUND”



# TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND.





## TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND.

---

WE 'RE tenting to-night on the old Camp ground ;  
Give us a song to cheer  
Our weary hearts, — a song of home,  
And friends we love so dear.

### CHORUS.

Many are the hearts that are weary to-night,  
Wishing for the war to cease ;  
Many are the hearts looking for the right  
To see the dawn of peace.  
Tenting to-night,  
Tenting to-night,  
Tenting on the old Camp ground.

We 've been tenting to-night on the old Camp ground,  
Thinking of days gone by,  
Of the lov'd ones at home that gave us the hand,  
And the tear that said, " Good bye ! " CHORUS.

We are tired of war on the old Camp ground :  
Many are dead and gone  
Of the brave and true who 've left their homes ;  
Others have been wounded long. CHORUS.

We 've been fighting to-day on the old Camp ground,  
Many are lying near ;  
Some are dead, and some are dying,  
Many are in tears.

### CHORUS.

Many are the hearts that are weary to-night  
Wishing for the war to cease ;  
Many are the hearts looking for the right  
To see the dawn of peace.  
Dying to-night,  
Dying to-night,  
Dying on the old Camp ground.



We're tenting tonight  
on the old Camp ground,

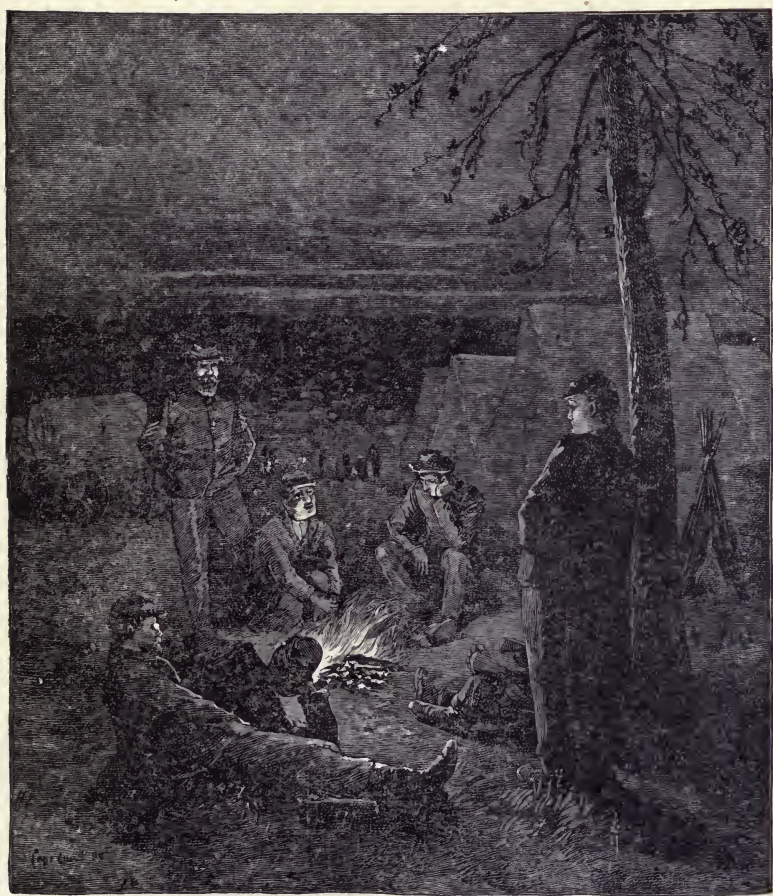


Cope land 89





Give us a song to cheer  
Our weary hearts,







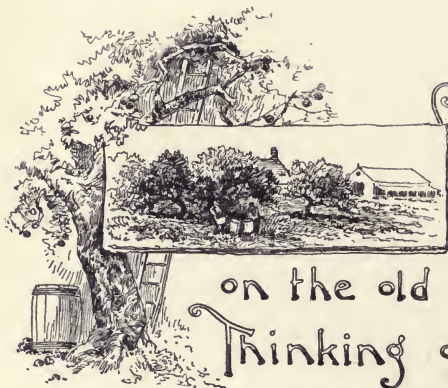




And friends  
we love so dear.







We've been  
tenting to-night  
on the old Camp ground,  
Thinking of days  
gone by.





Of the lov'd ones  
at home  
that gave us  
the hand,







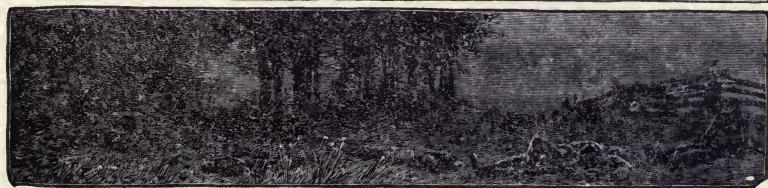
And the tear  
that said "Good bye!"







We are tired of war  
on the old Camp ground,  
Many are dead and gone,  
Of the brave and true  
who've left their homes.





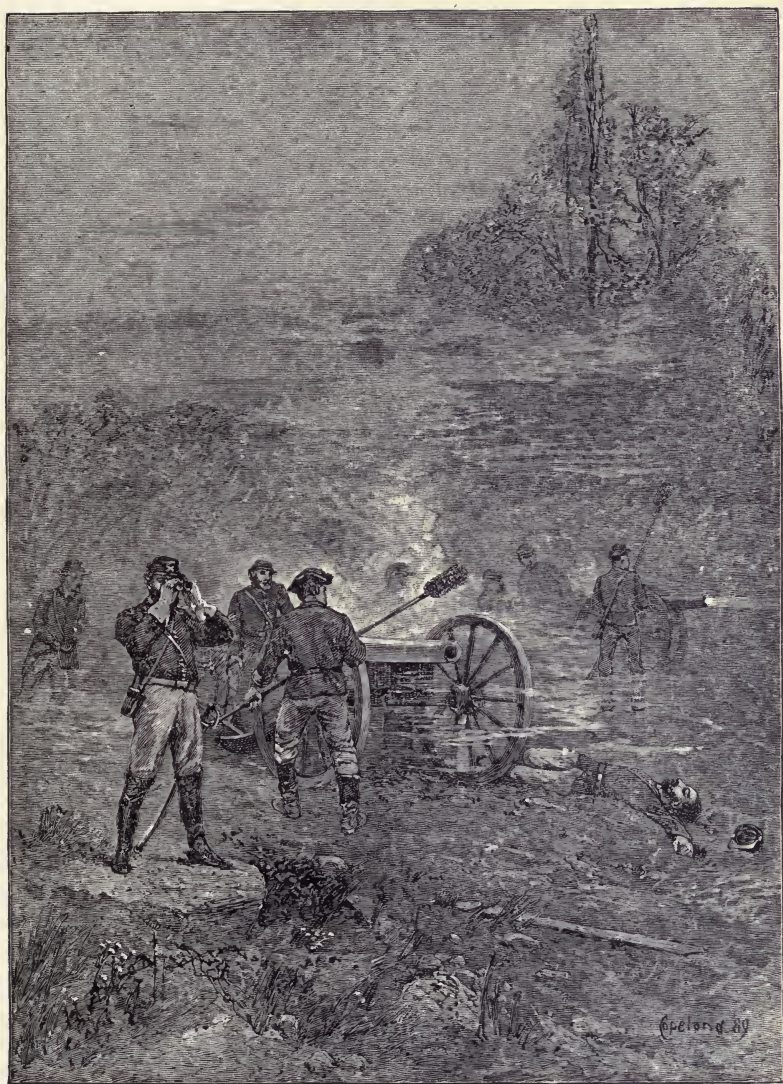
Others  
have been wounded  
long,







We've been fighting today  
on the old Camp ground,  
Many are lying near;



© 1861





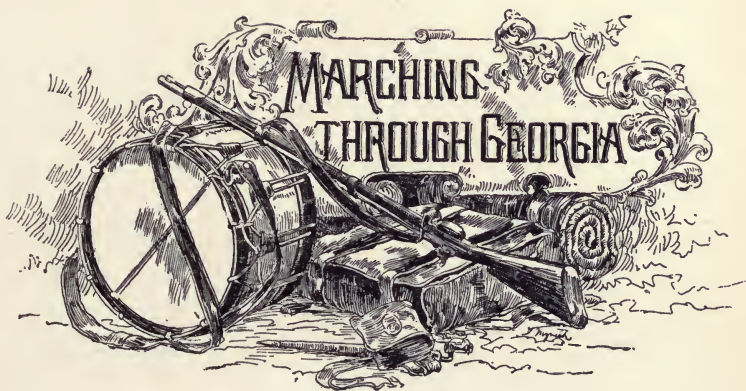
Some are dead, and some  
are dying,  
Many are in tears.



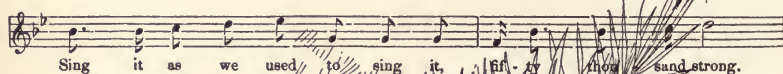
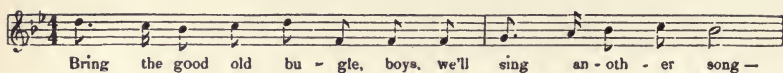


W. T. Sherman

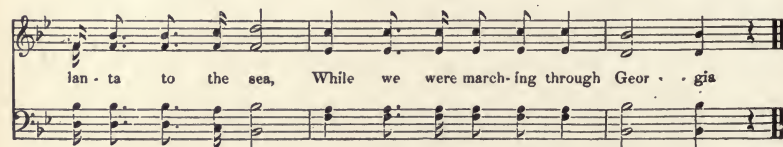
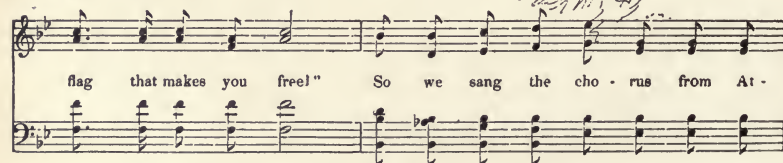




# MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.



## CHORUS.



# MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.

WRITTEN IN HONOR OF SHERMAN'S FAMOUS MARCH FROM  
"ATLANTA TO THE SEA."

---

BRING the good old bugle, boys, we'll sing another song—  
Sing it with a spirit that will start the world along—  
Sing it as we used to sing it, fifty thousand strong,  
While we were marching through Georgia.

## CHORUS.

"Hurrah! Hurrah! we bring the jubilee!  
Hurrah! Hurrah! the flag that makes you free!"  
So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea,  
While we were marching through Georgia.

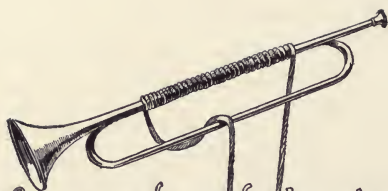
How the darkeys shouted when they heard the joyful sound!  
How the turkeys gobbled which our commissary found!  
How the sweet potatoes even started from the ground,  
While we were marching through Georgia. CHORUS.

Yes, and there were Union men who wept with joyful tears,  
When they saw the honor'd flag they had not seen for years;  
Hardly could they be restrained from breaking forth in cheers,  
While we were marching through Georgia. CHORUS.

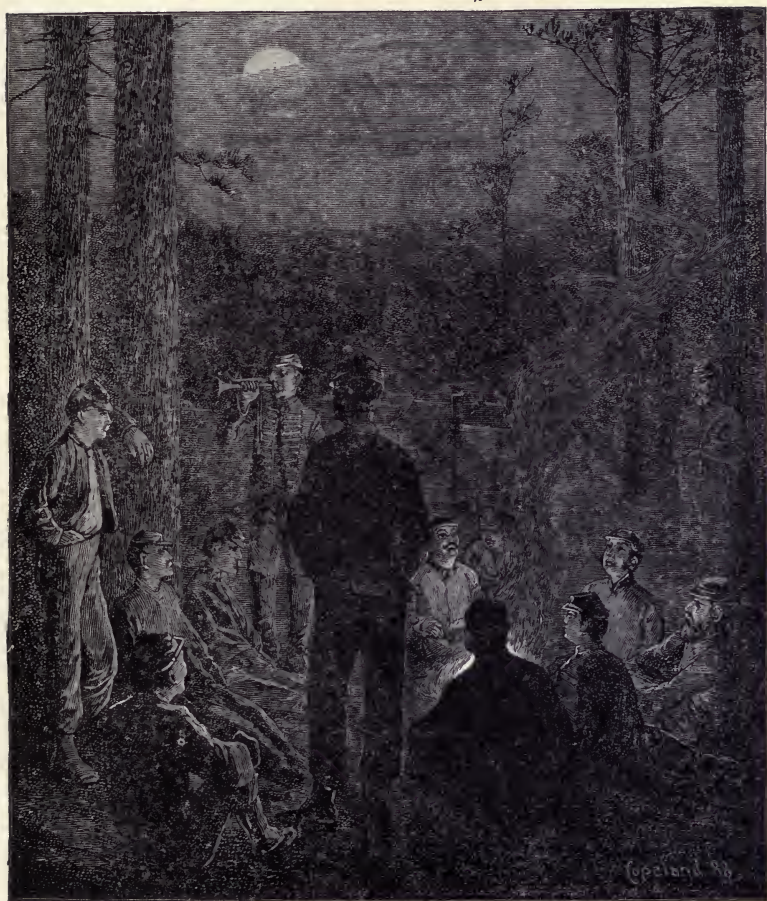
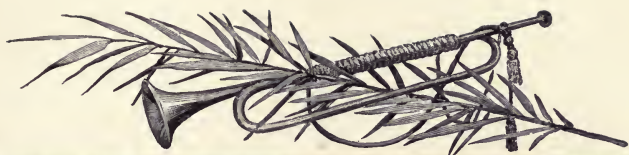
"Sherman's dashing Yankee boys will never reach the coast!"  
So the saucy rebels said, and 't was a handsome boast;  
Had they not forgot, alas! to reckon with the host,  
While we were marching through Georgia. CHORUS.

So we made a thoroughfare for Freedom and her train,—  
Sixty miles in latitude, three hundred to the main;  
Treason fled before us, for resistance was in vain,  
While we were marching through Georgia. CHORUS.





Bring the good old bugle boys,  
We'll sing another song—  
Sing it with a spirit that will  
start the world along—





Sing it as we used to sing it,

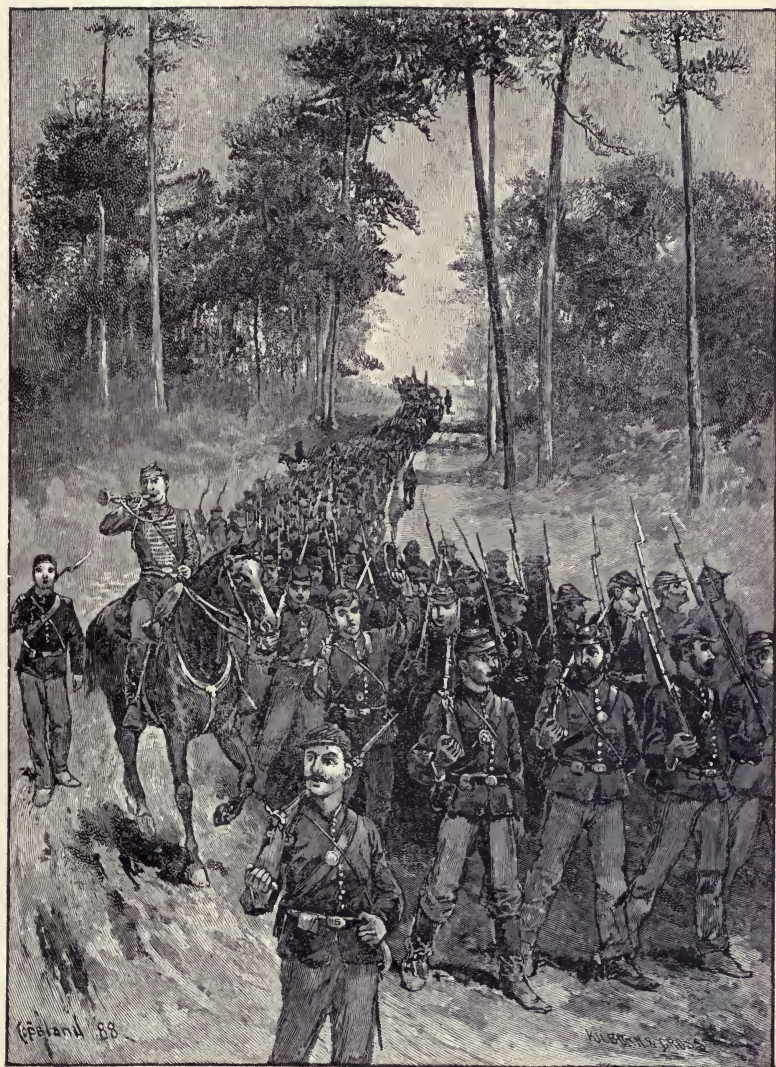
Fifty thousand strong,

While we were

Marching through Georgia.



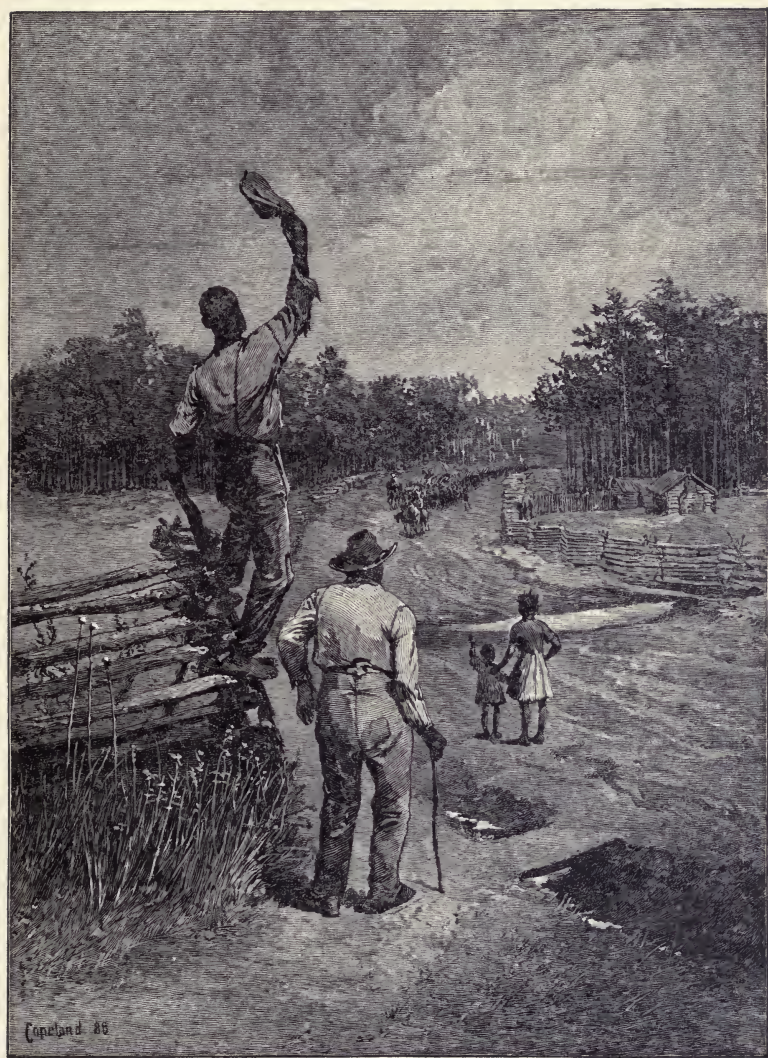






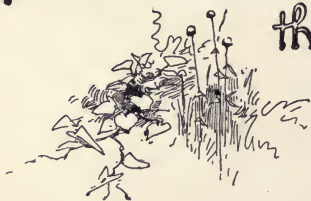
How the darkeys  
shouted  
When they heard the  
joyful sound!







How the turkeys gobbled  
Which our commissary found!  
How the sweet potatoes  
even started from the ground,  
While we were marching  
through Georgia.

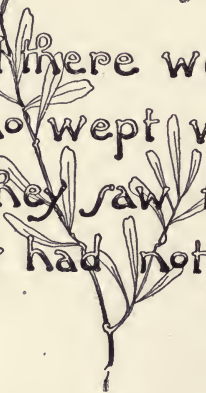




Copeland 89

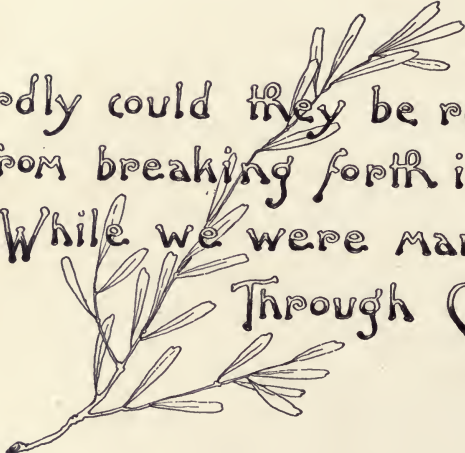


Yes, and there were Union men  
Who wept with joyful tears,  
When they saw the honor'd flag  
They had not seen for years;

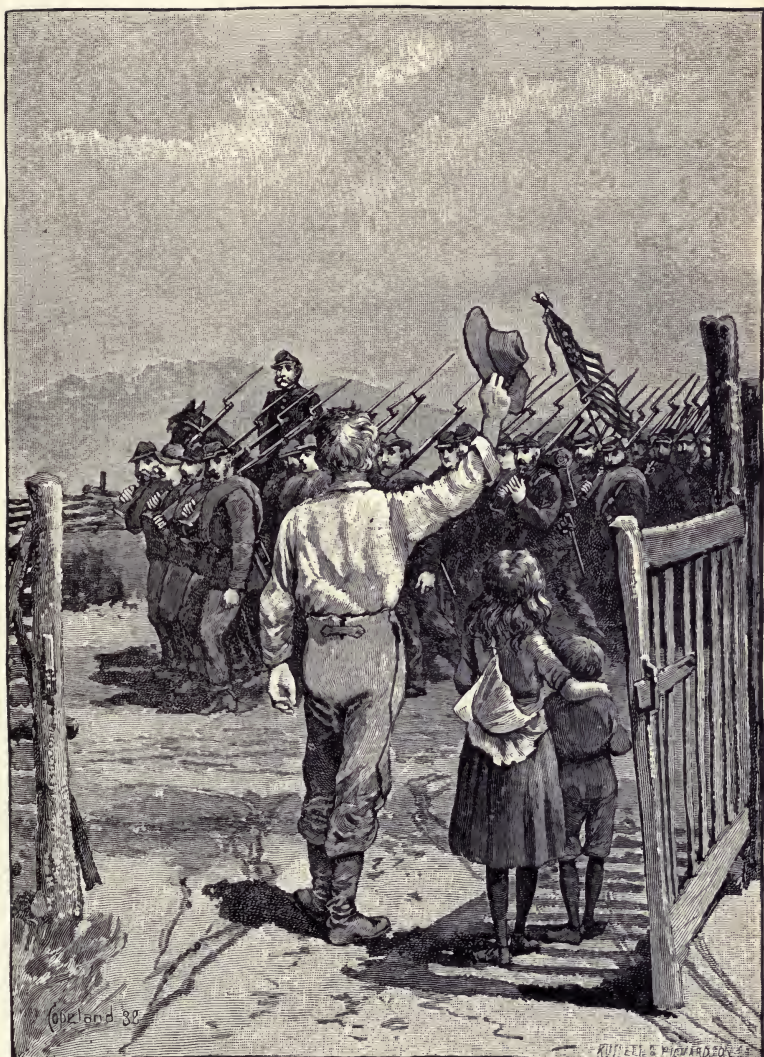








Hardly could they be restrained  
From breaking forth in cheers,  
While we were marching  
Through Georgia:



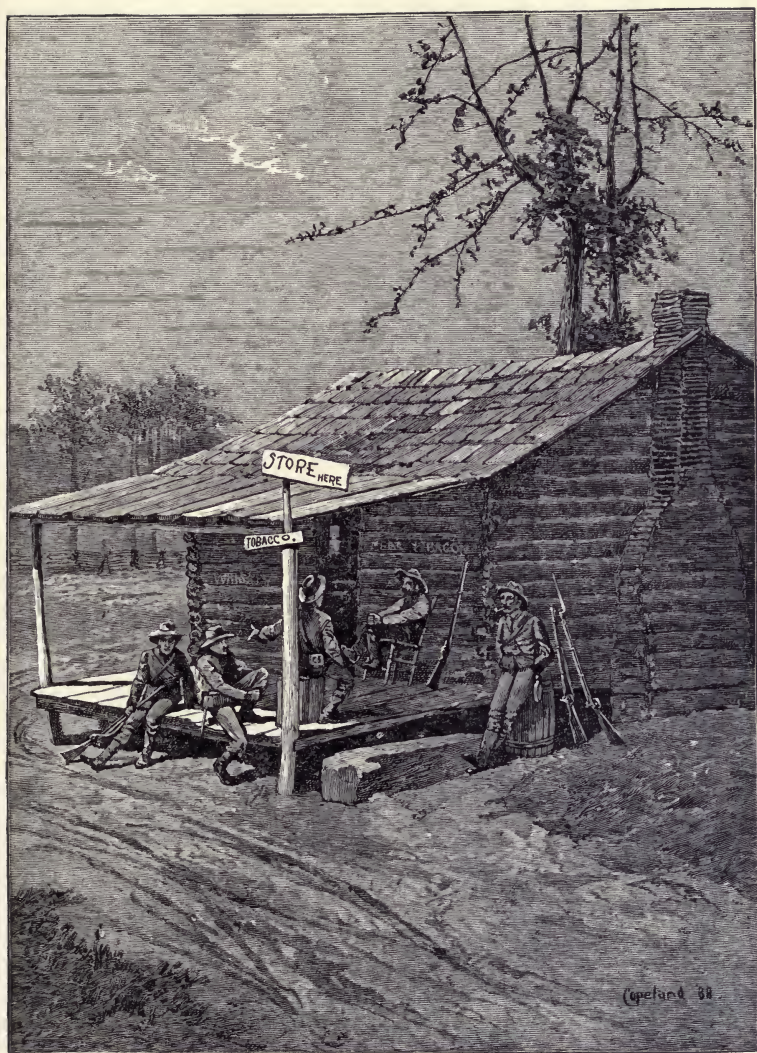
(Oreland 32

RUTHERFORD & RICHARDS 63





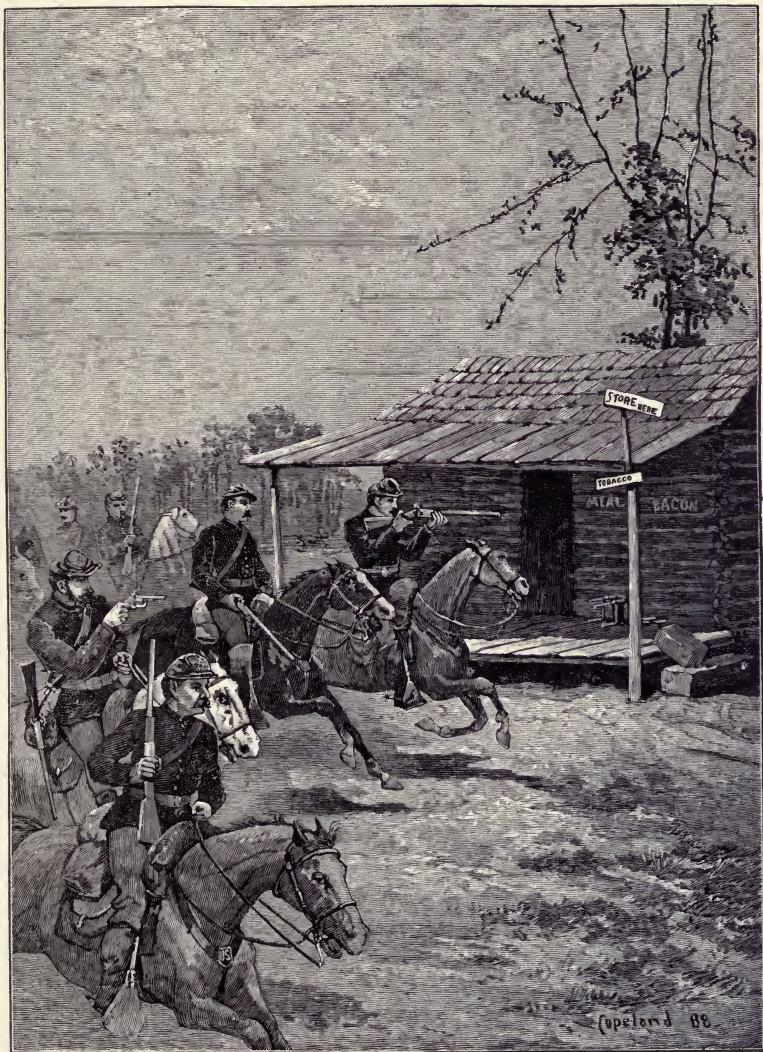
"Sherman's dashing Yankee boys  
Will never reach the coast!"  
So the saucy Rebels said,  
And 'twas a handsome boast; —





Had they not forgot, alas!  
To reckon with the host,  
While we were marching  
through Georgia.







So we made  
a thoroughfare  
For Freedom and her train,  
Sixty miles in latitude  
Three hundred to the main;



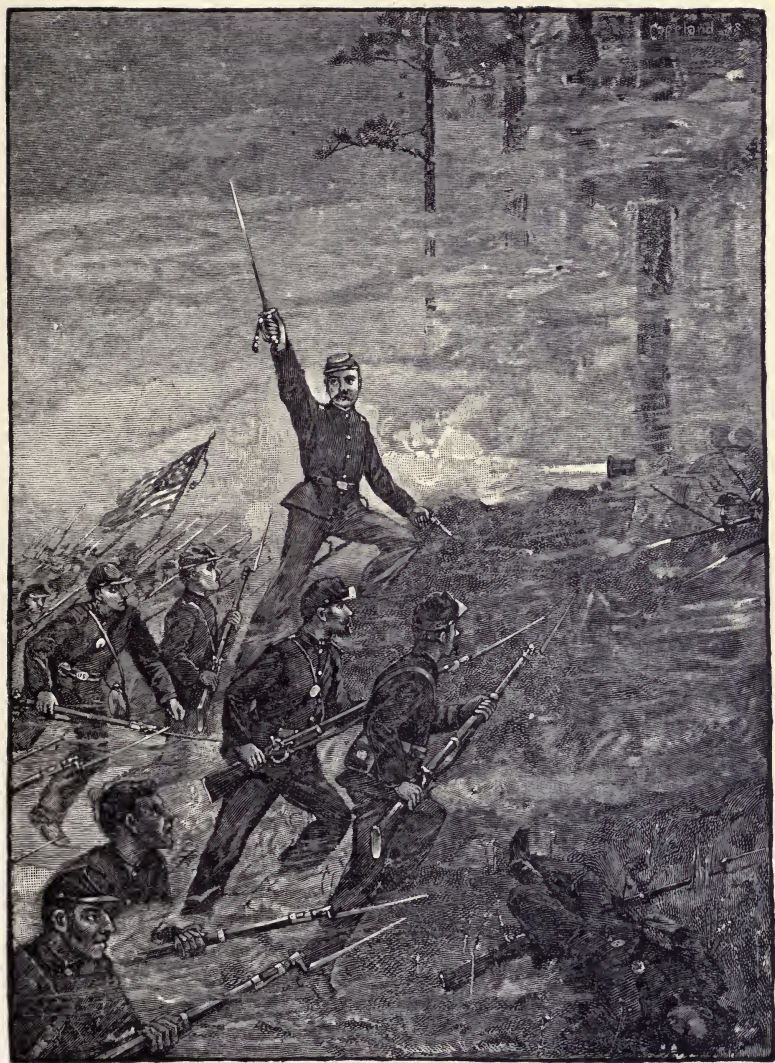


Opelousas '88





Treason fled before us,  
For resistance was in vain,  
While we were marching  
Through Georgia.



"Hurrah! Hurrah!

We bring the jubilee!

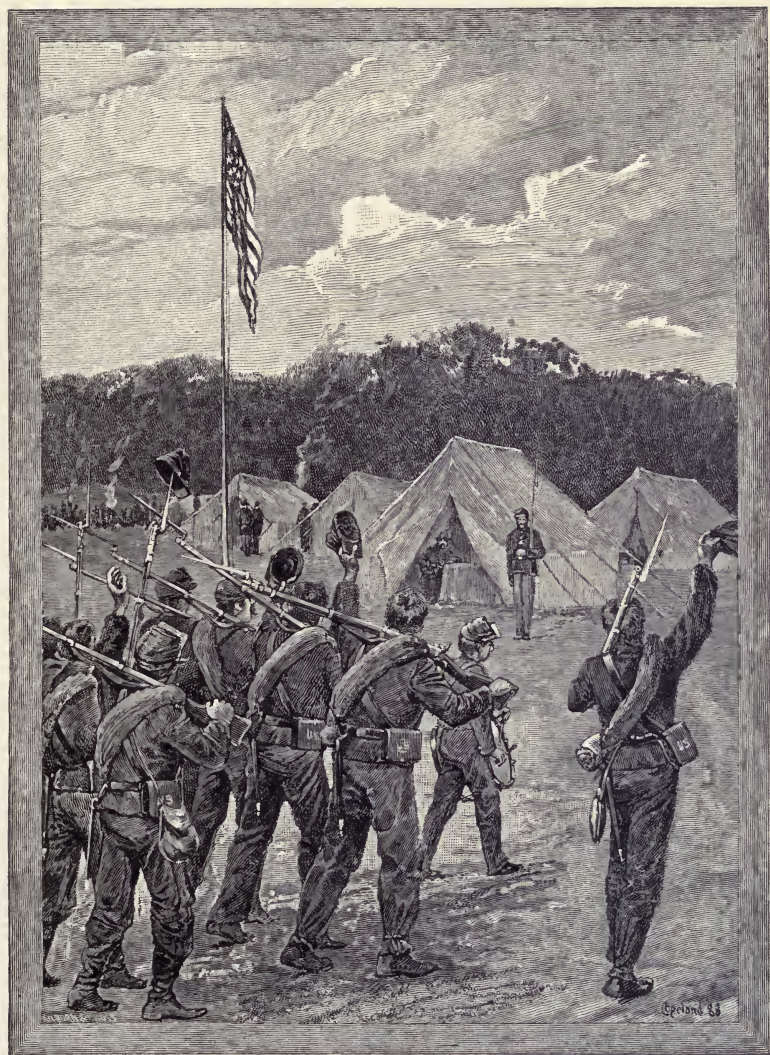
Hurrah! Hurrah!

The flag that makes you free!"

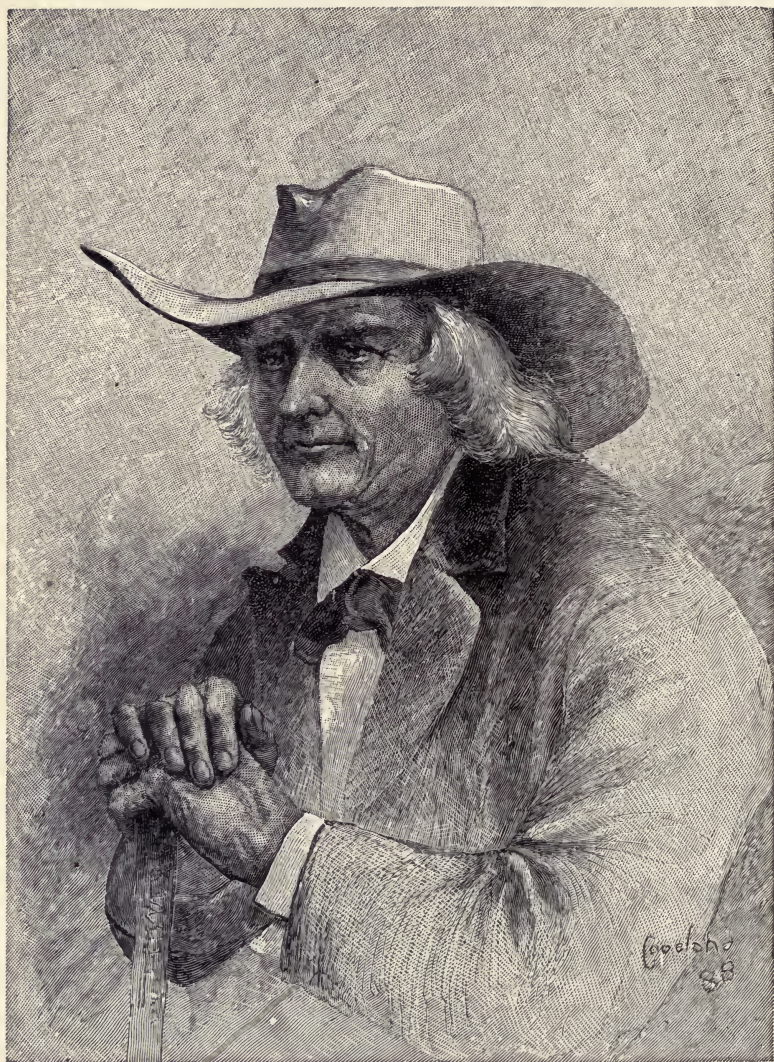
So we sang the chorus  
From Atlanta to the sea,

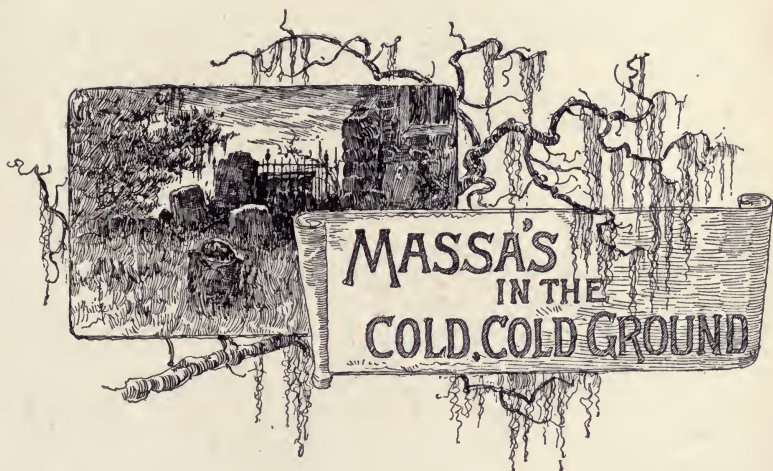
While we were marching  
Through Georgia.













# MASSA'S IN THE COLD, COLD GROUND.



Round de meadows am a ring - ing. De dar - key's mourn - ful song,



While de mocking-bird am sing ing, Hap - py as de day am long.



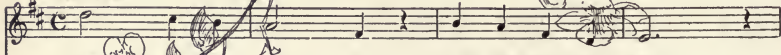
Where de i - vy am a creep - ing, Oer de gras - sy mound,



Dere old mas - sa am a sleep - ing, Sleeping in de cold, cold ground.

## CHORUS.

1st Voice.

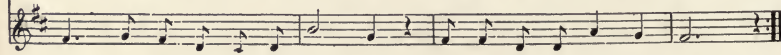


Down de corn - - field. Hear dat mourn - ful sound:

2nd Voice.



All de darkeys am a weep - ing, Mas - sa's in de cold, cold ground.



# MASSA'S IN DE COLD, COLD GROUND.

---

ROUND de meadows am a-ringing  
De darkey's mournful song,  
While de mocking-bird am singing,  
Happy as de day am long.  
Where de ivy am a-creeping  
O'er de grassy mound,  
Dare old massa am a-sleeping,  
Sleeping in de cold, cold ground.

## CHORUS.

Down in de cornfield  
Hear dat mournful sound:  
All de darkeys am a-weeping,  
Massa's in de cold, cold ground.

When de autumn leaves were falling,  
When de days were cold,  
'T was hard to hear old massa calling,  
Cayse he was so weak and old.  
Now de orange-tree am blooming  
On de sandy shore,  
Now de summer days am coming,  
Massa nebber calls no more.

CHORUS

Massa make de darkeys love him,  
Cayse he was so kind;  
Now, dey sadly weep above him,  
Mourning cayse he leave dem behind.  
I cannot work before to-morrow,  
Cayse de tear-drop flow,  
I try to drive away my sorrow,  
Pickin' on de old banjo.

CHORUS



Round de meadows

am a ringing,

De darkey's mournful song,







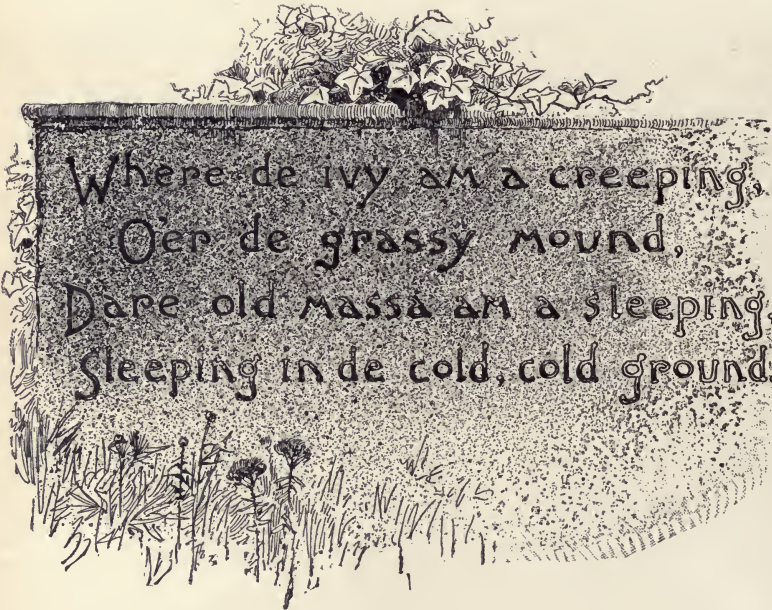
While de mocking bird  
am singing,  
Happy as de day am long.





Opeland 88





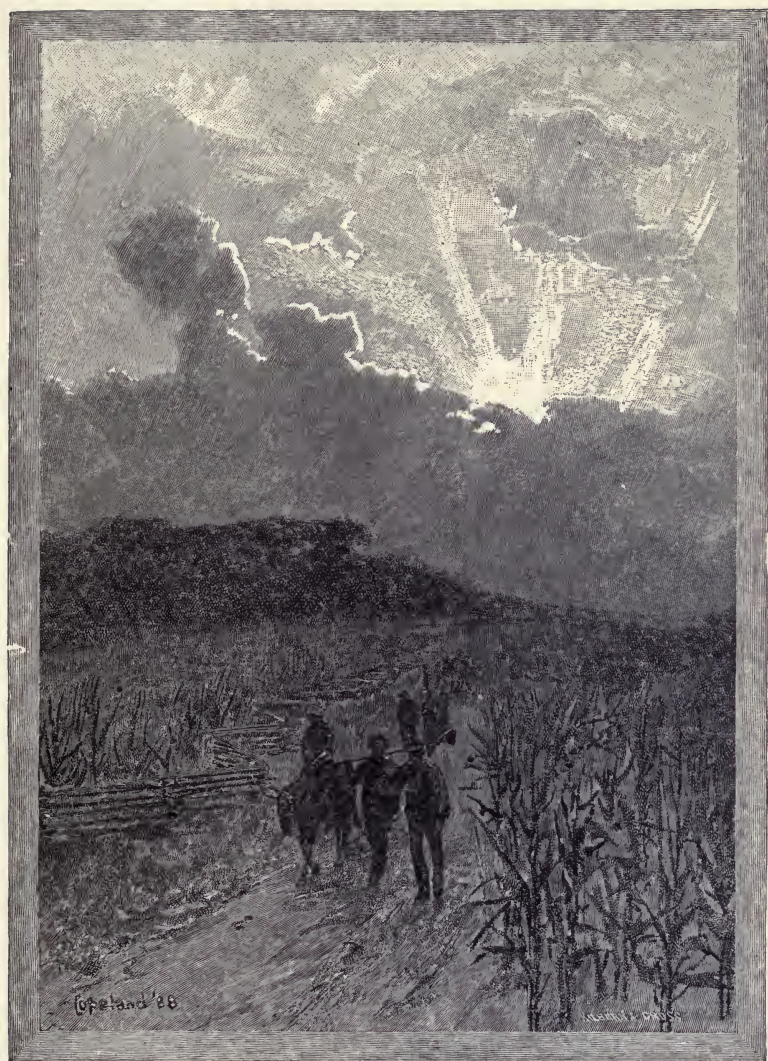
Where de ivy am a creeping,  
O'er de grassy mound,  
Dare old massa am a sleeping,  
Sleeping in de cold, cold ground.






Down in de cornfield  
Hear dat mournful sound:  
All de darkeys am a-weeping,  
Massa's in de cold, cold ground.







When de autumn leaves  
were falling,  
When de days  
were cold,







'Twas hard to hear  
old massa calling,  
Cayse he was so weak  
and old.





Now de orange-tree  
am blooming  
On de sandy shore,

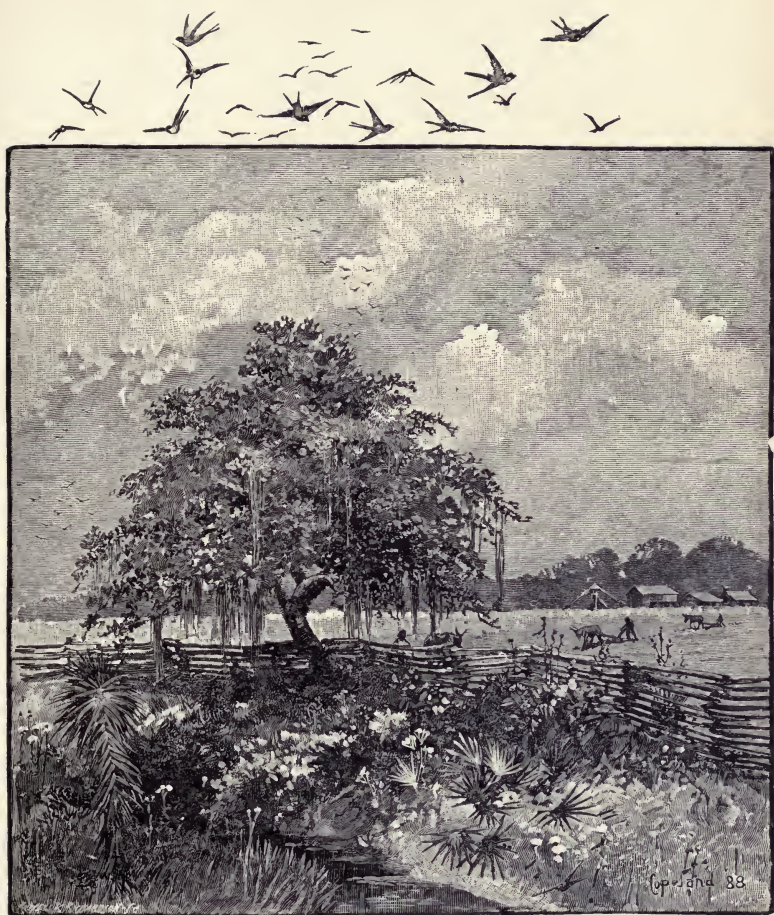






Now de summer days  
am coming,  
Massa nebbes calls  
no more.








Massa make de darkeyss  
love him,  
Cayse he was  
so kind;







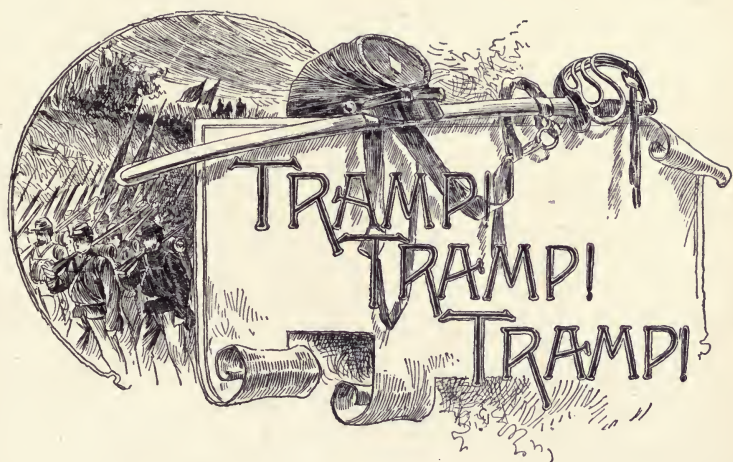
Now, dey sadly weep  
above him,  
Mourning sayse  
he leave dem behind.





I cannot work before to-morrow,  
Cayse de tear-drop flow,  
I try to drive away  
my sorrow,  
Pickin' on de old banjo. —





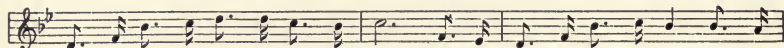


# TRAMP! TRAMP! TRAMP!

*Tempo di Marcia.*



1. In the pris-on cell I sit Think-ing, moth-er dear, of you, And our



bright and hap-py home so far a-way, And the tears they fill my eyes Spite of



all that I can do, Though I try to cheer my com-rades and be gay.

*When the chorus is sung, this may be omitted after the first verse.*



Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are march-ing, Cheer up, com-rades, they will come, And be-

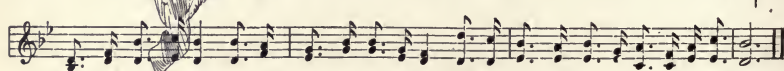
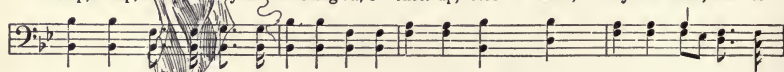


neath the star-ry flag We shall breathe the air a-gain Of the free-land in our own be-lov-ed home.

**Chorus.**



Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching on, O cheer up, com-rades, they will come, And be-



neath the star-ry flag We shall breathe the air a-gain, Of the free-land in our own be-lov-ed home.



# TRAMP! TRAMP! TRAMP!

---

I N the prison cell I sit  
Thinking, mother dear, of you,  
And our bright and happy home so far away,  
And the tears they fill my eyes,  
Spite of all that I can do,  
Tho' I try to cheer my comrades and be gay.

## CHORUS.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching;  
Cheer up, comrades, they will come,  
And beneath the starry flag  
We shall breathe the air again  
Of the free-land in our own beloved home.

In the battle front we stood  
When their fiercest charge they made,  
And they swept us off a hundred men or more,  
But before we reached their lines  
They were beaten back dismayed,  
And we heard the cry of vict'ry o'er and o'er.

## CHORUS.

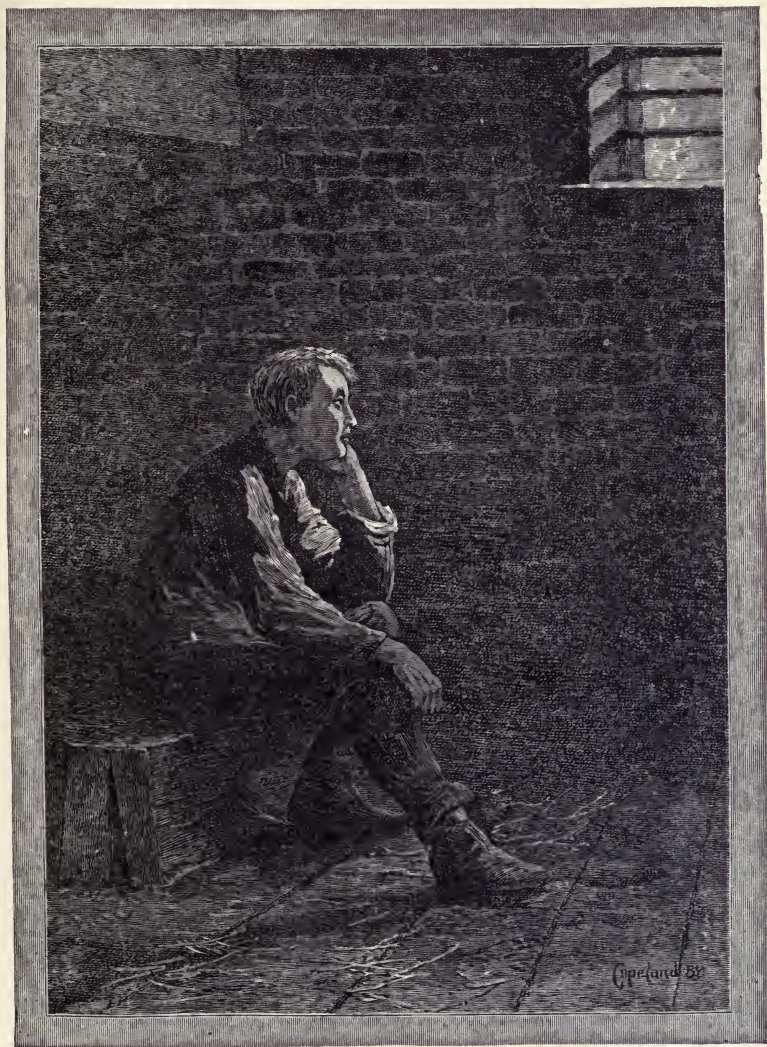
So within the prison cell  
We are waiting for the day  
That shall come to open wide the iron door.  
And the hollow eye grows bright,  
And the poor heart almost gay,  
As we think of seeing home and friends once more.

## CHORUS.



In the prison  
cell I sit  
Thinking Mother dear,  
of you,





And our bright  
and happy home  
so far away,



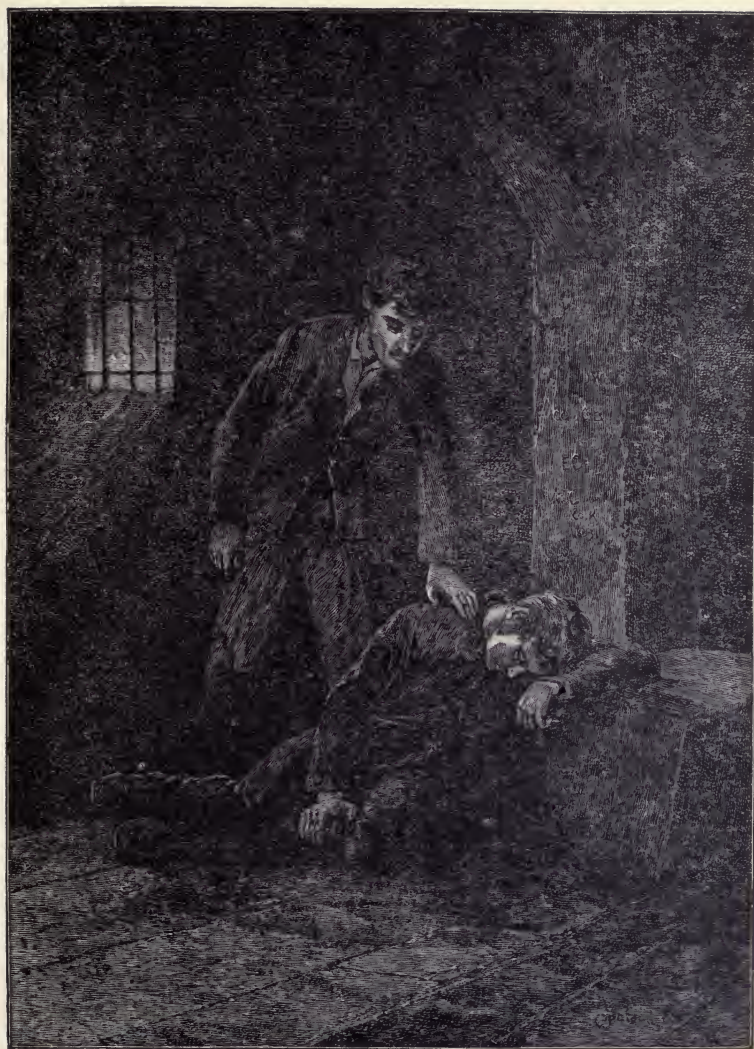








And the tears  
they fill my eyes  
spite of all that I can do,  
Tho' I try to cheer my comrades  
and be gay.





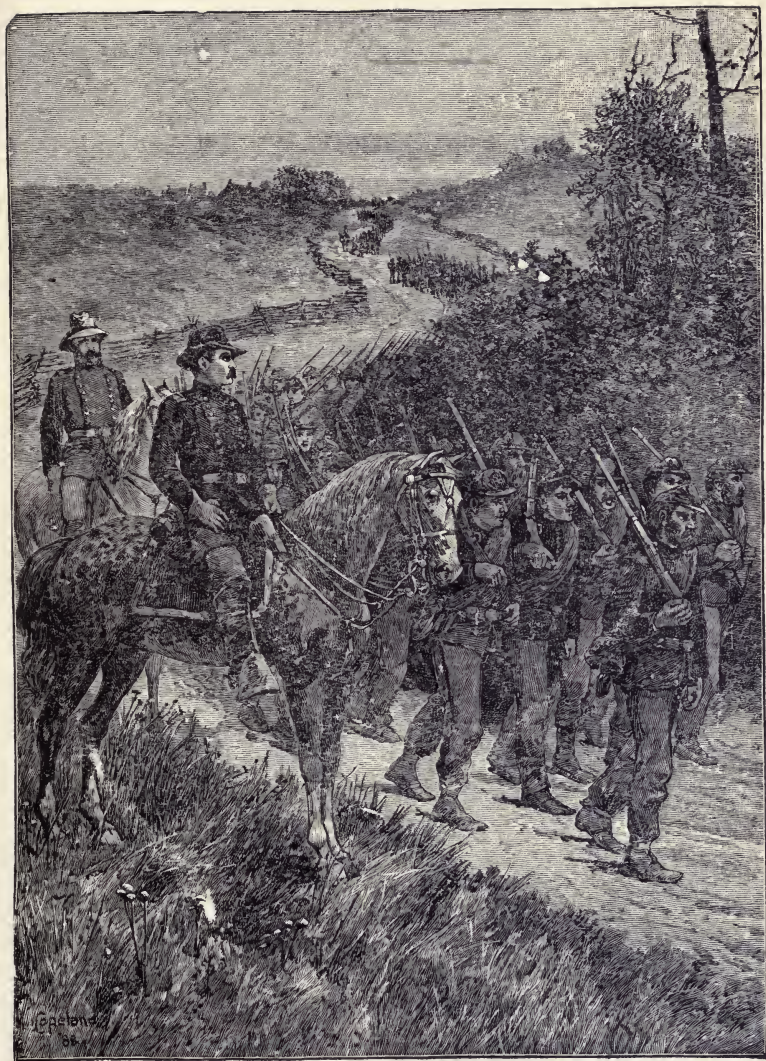
Tramp, tramp, tramp,

the boys are marching,

Cheer up comrades

they will come,



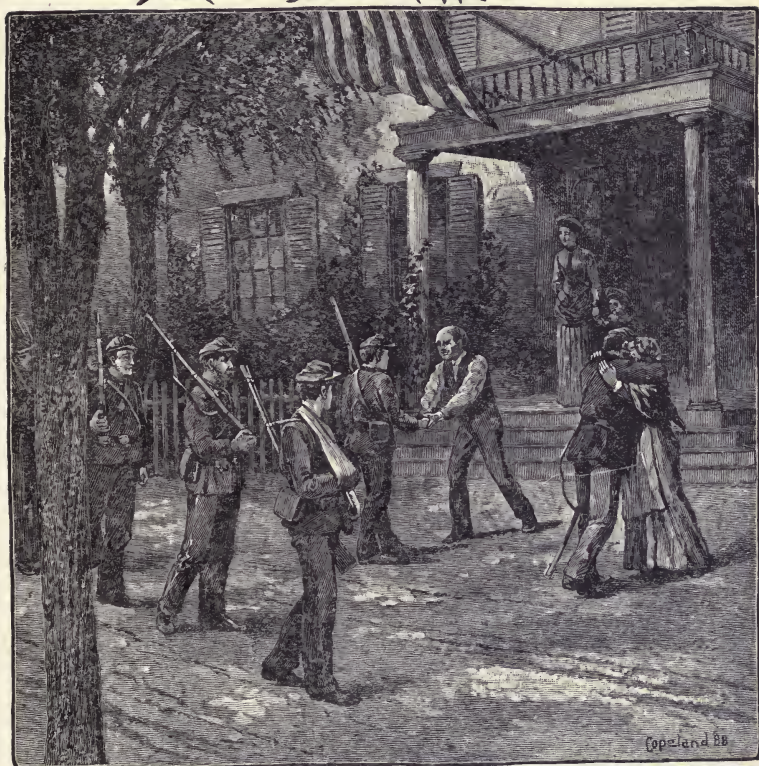


J. G. S. 1864  
106



And beneath the  
Starry flag  
We shall breathe the air again,  
Of the freeland in our own  
beloved home.

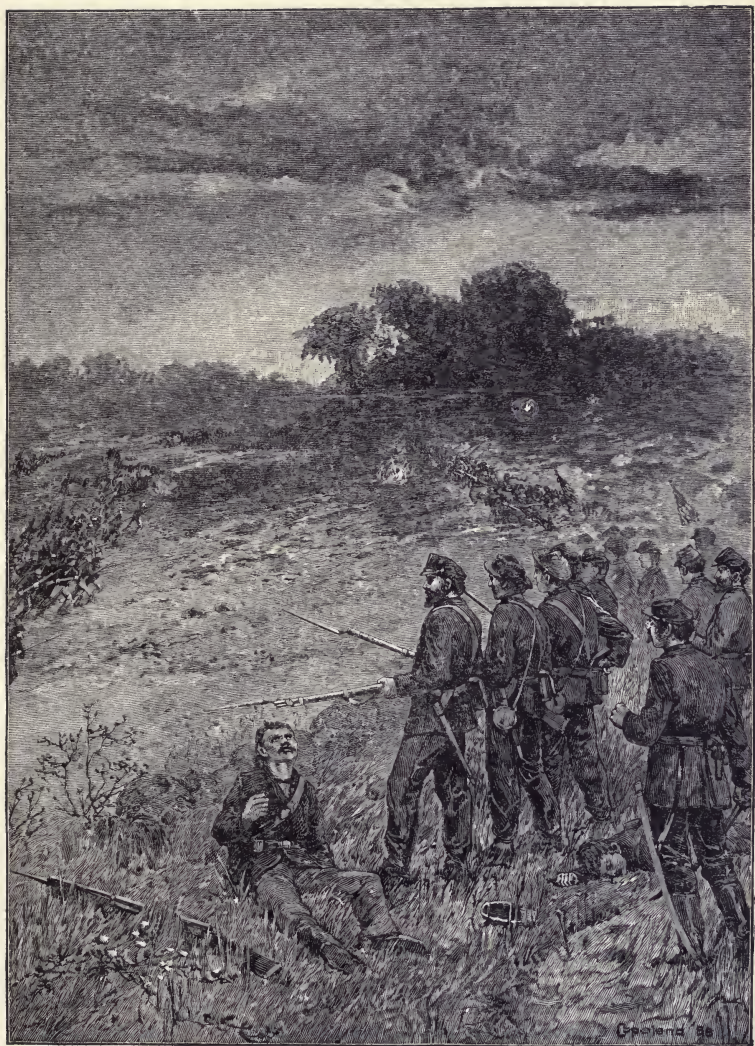








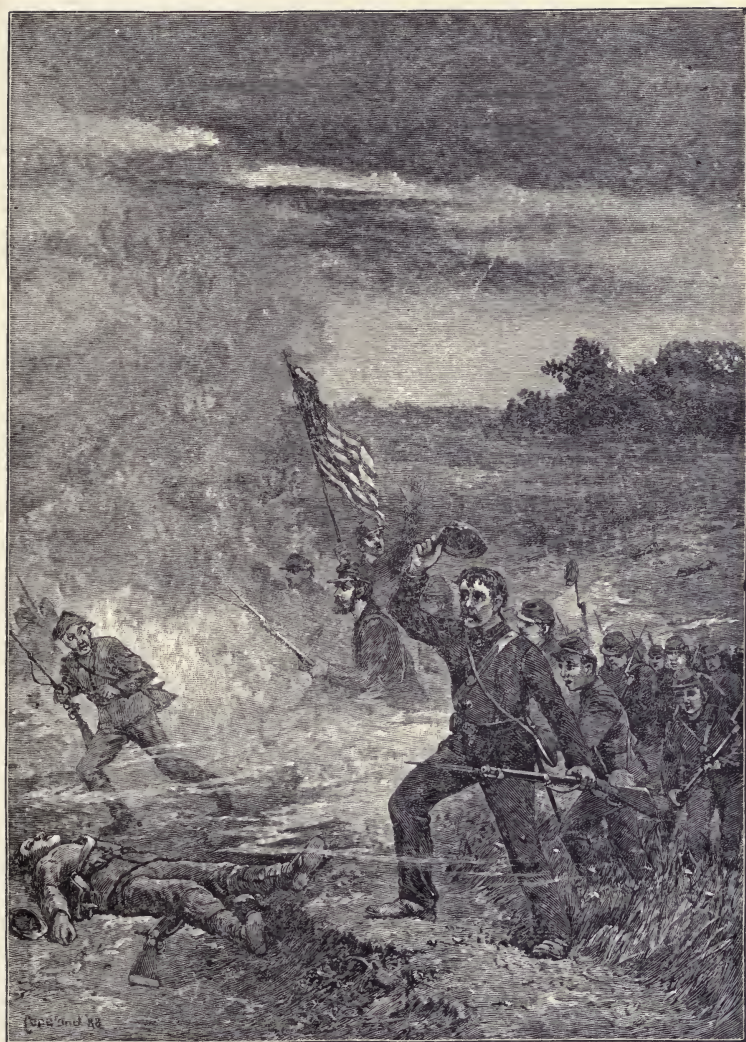
In the battle front we stood  
When their fiercest charge  
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And they swept us off  
a hundred men or more.





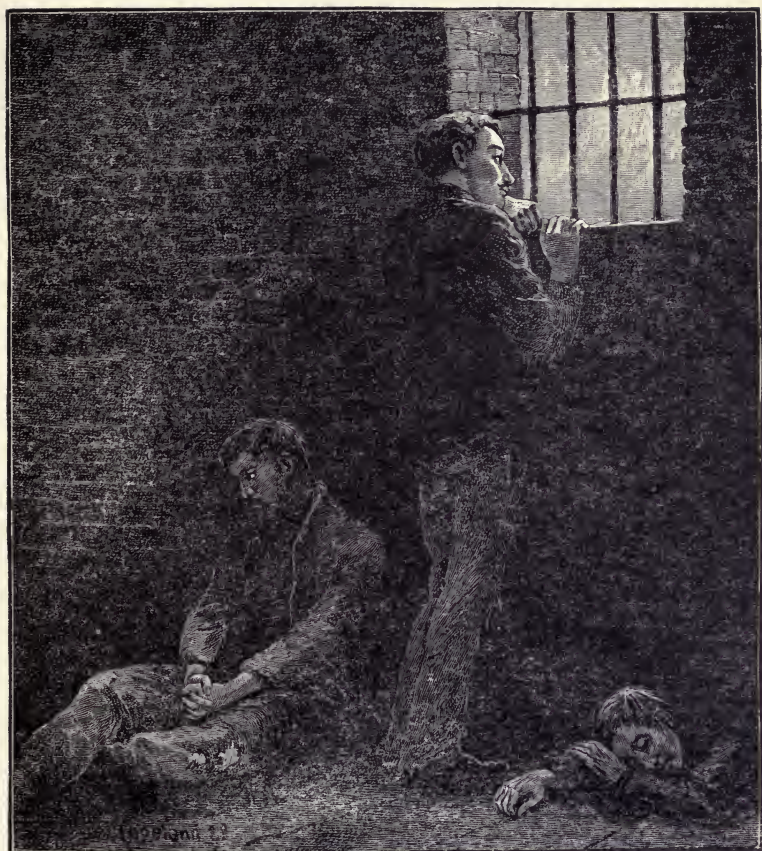
But before we reach'd their lines  
They were beaten back dismayed,  
And we heard the cry of vict'ry  
o'er and o'er.







So within the prison cell,  
We are waiting  
for the day

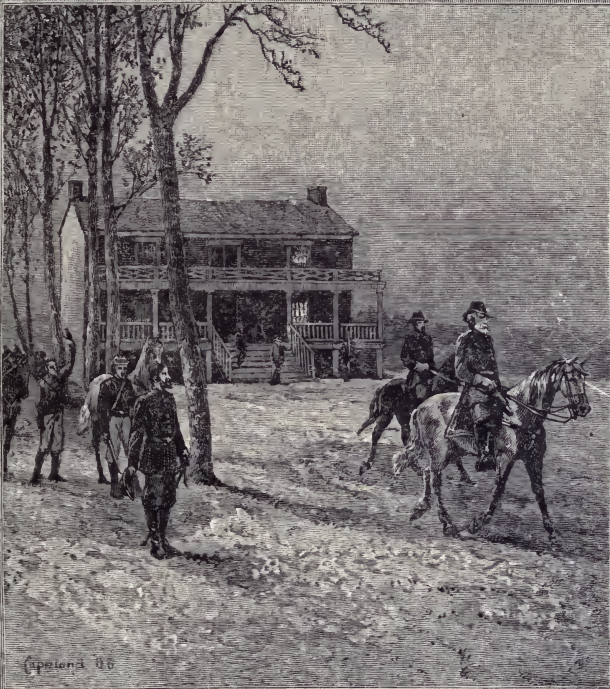






That shall come  
to open wide  
the iron door.

APRIL 9<sup>th</sup> 1865

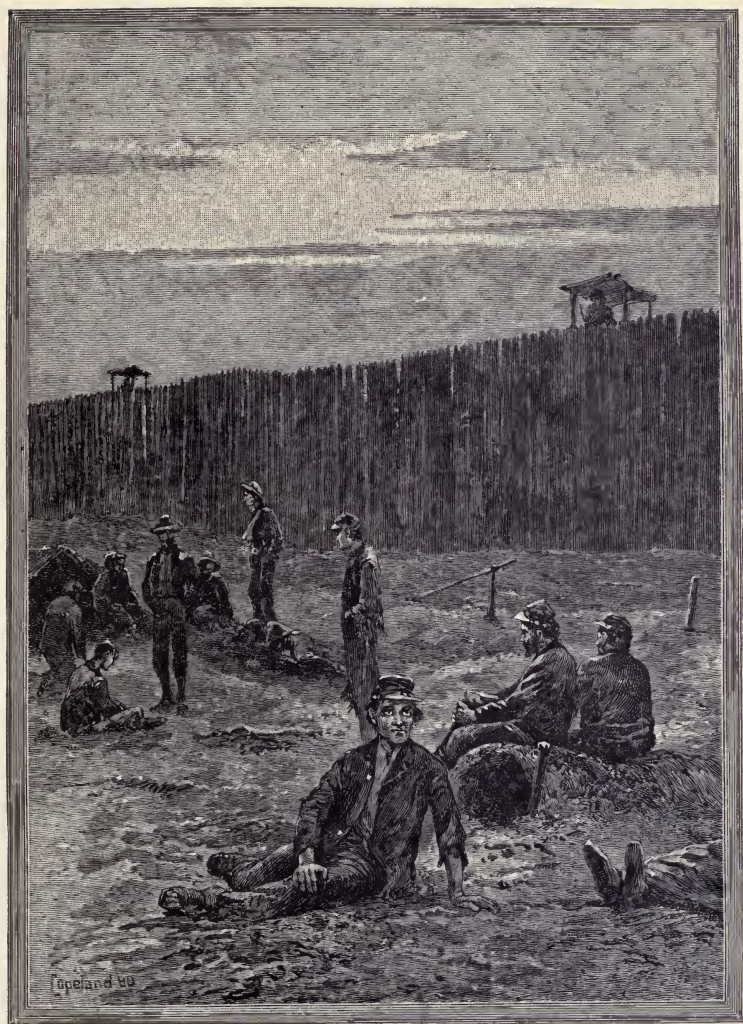


Capeland 116



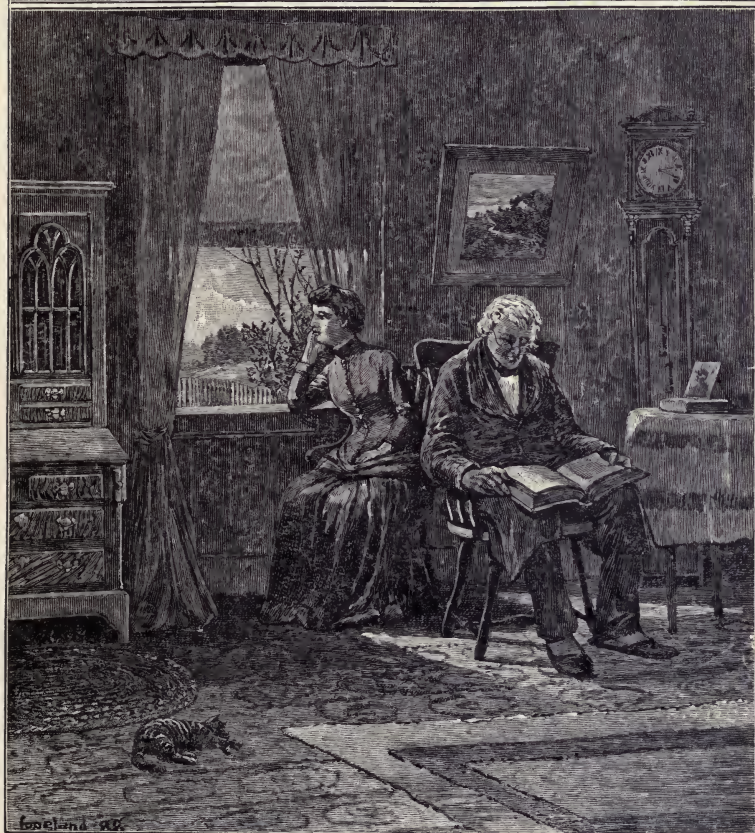
And the hollow eye  
grows bright,  
And the poor heart  
almost gay,







As we think  
of seeing  
home and friends  
once more











# NELLY WAS A LADY.

*Adagio*

Down on de Mis - sis - sip - pi float - - ing,

Long time I trab - ble on de way,

All night deo - ton - wood to ting

Sing for my true - lub all de day

**CHORUS**

Nel - ly was a la - dy — Last night she died.

*Repeat Chorus*

Toll de bell for lub ly Nell — My dark Vir - gin - ny bride.



## NELLY WAS A LADY.

---

DOWN on de Mississippi floating,  
Long time I trabble on de way,  
All night de cotton-wood a-toting,  
Sing for my true-lub all de day.

### CHORUS.

Nelly was a lady,  
Last night she died;  
Toll de bell for lubly Nell,  
My dark Virginny bride.

Now I'm unhappy and I'm weeping,  
Can't tote de cotton-wood no more;  
Last night, while Nelly was a-sleeping,  
Death came a knockin' at de door.

CHORUS.

When I saw my Nelly in de morning  
Smile till she open'd up her eyes,  
Seem'd like de light ob day a dawning,  
Jist 'fore de sun begin to rise.

CHORUS.

Close by de margin ob de water,  
Whar de lone weeping-willow grows,  
Dar lib'd Virginny's lubly daughter;  
Dar she in death may find repose.

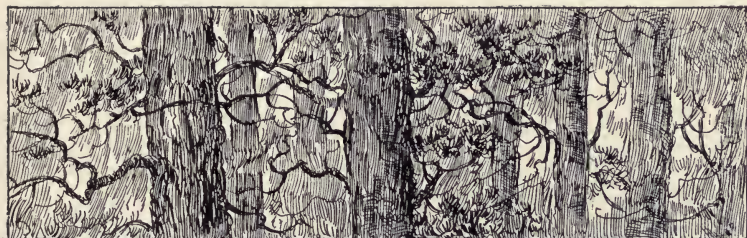
CHORUS.

Down in de meadow 'mong de clober,  
Walk wid my Nelly by my side;  
Now all dem happy days am ober,  
Farewell; my dark Virginny bride.

CHORUS.

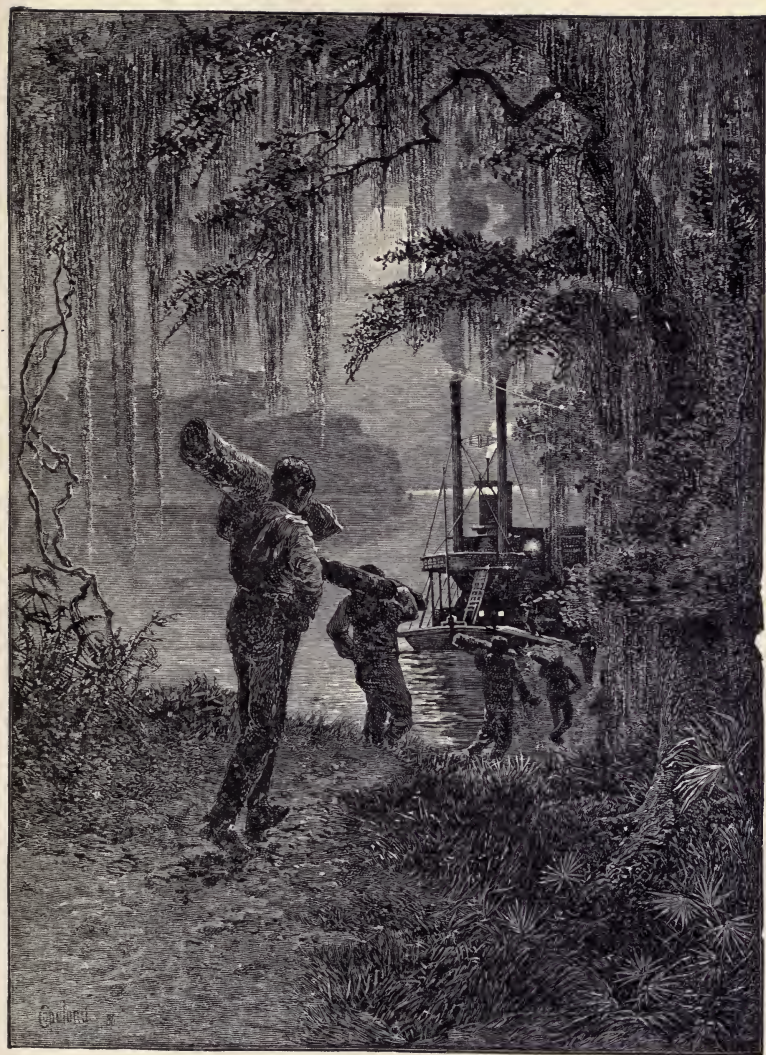


Down on de Mississippi  
floating,  
Long time I trabble  
on de way,











Sing for my true-luv  
all de day.







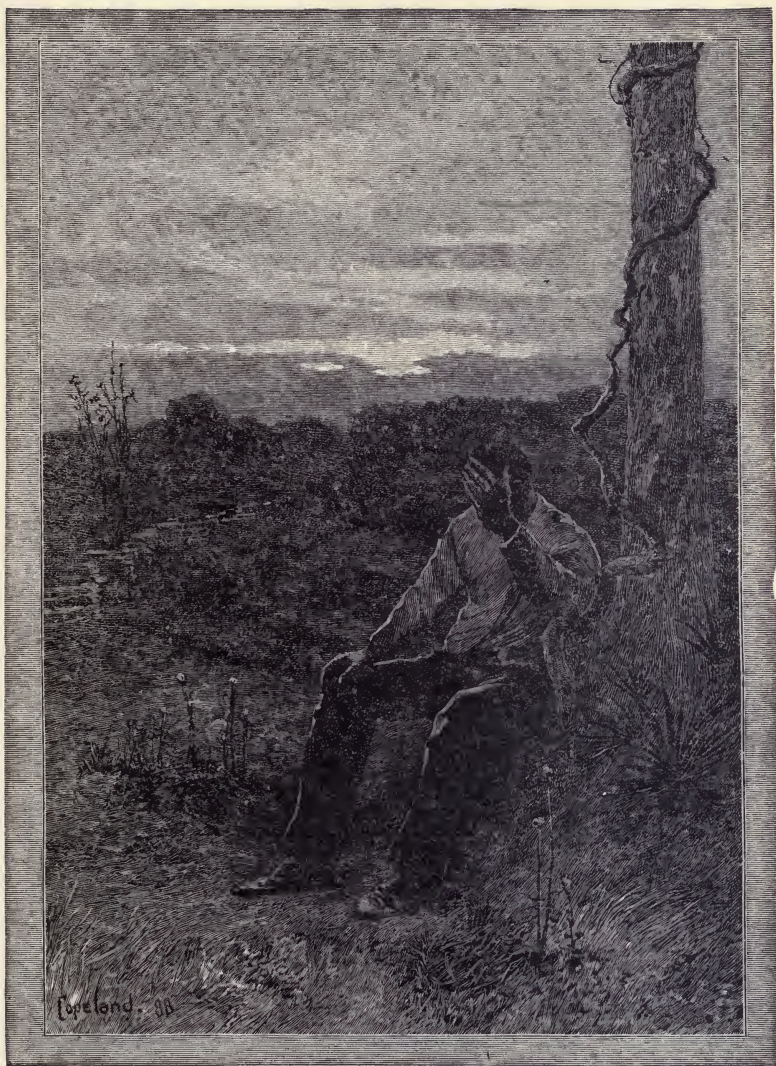
Nelly was a lady,  
Last night she died;  
Toll de bell for lubly Nell,  
My dark Virginny bride.







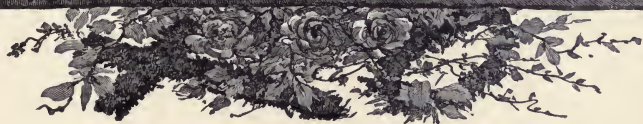
Now I'm unhappy  
and I'm weeping,  
Can't tote de cotton-wood  
no more ;





Last night, while Nelly  
was a-sleeping,  
Death came a knockin'  
at de door.







When I saw my Nelly  
in de morning  
smile till  
she open'd up her eyes,









Seem'd like de light ob  
day a dawning,  
Jist fore de sun  
begin to rise.





Close by de margin  
ob de water,  
Whar de lone  
weeping-willow grows,





Topeland.



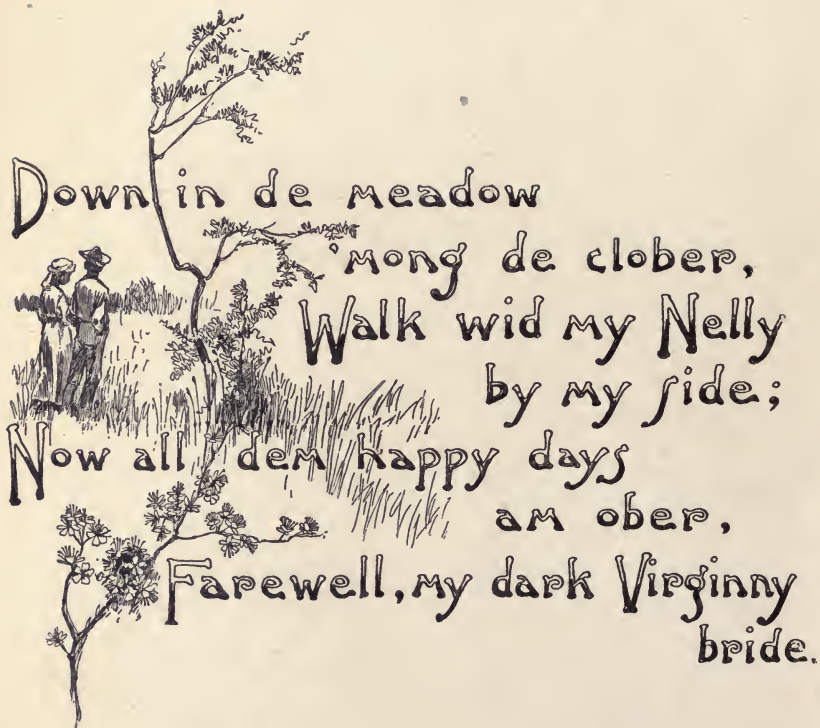
Dar lib'd Virginny's  
lubly daughter;  
Dar she in death  
may find repose.





Boetland. 58





Down in de meadow

'mong de clober,

Walk wid my Nelly  
by my side;

Now all dem happy days

am ober,

Farewell, my dark Virginny  
bride.









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